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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

OCTOBER, 1923



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A GLIMPSE OF FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
CENTRAL PARK ON THE LEFT



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



WITH a vision of growing problems of prices and markets, balanced against the bountiful blessings of harvest bestowed on the American farmer, Calvin Coolidge, in the manner of a true American Yankee, is busy on his initial Thanksgiving proclamation as President. Calvin Coolidge's ancestors read the first Thanksgiving proclamation ever issued, and the spirit of his forbears prevails. The Thanksgiving proclamation is a sacred tradition with New England people. It reflects the ideals of the Pilgrim fathers and the early faith of the Republic.

Calvin Coolidge knows mince and pumpkin pies, and the reputation of the Vermont turkey will be sustained. All the "fixin's" and cranberry sauce are not strangers to him, and he knows of the feast and the family gatherings, but in his gubernatorial proclamations he never overlooked the pre-eminent reverence of a Thanksgiving day.

There is also a message to Congress that will be awaited with keen interest, as the real test of his responsibilities will follow after he makes his official bow to the august legislative tribunal known as the Congress of these United States. His first official address was made at the meeting of the Red Cross. It was an occasion, following the great earthquake catastrophe in Japan, that furnished a theme fitting for a proper basis of understanding. There was a broad executive policy indicated that made his friends feel sure of his ability to meet Presidential responsibilities.



SENORA ISAIS DE PIÉROLA, who has been paying a visit to New York (her native city) this summer, paints an interesting picture of the Peruvian women as having recently developed a curiosity for and interest in woman's suffrage and also the sports which interest the American women.

"Recently they have cast aside their mantillas for all but formal wear, and are going in for tennis, golf, swimming and horseback riding with great enthusiasm. They have always been remarkable for their devotion to home, to family, and to religion, which plays so important a part in their lives," says the Senora. "But recently they have begun to realize that a certain amount of time devoted to exercise and play in the open will be eminently good for them, and so they have become adepts in several sports."

Senora de Piérola was formerly Miss Fay Victoria Hancock of New York, and is related to the late Mrs. John A. Logan, with whom she spent a good part of her girlhood.

Since her marriage three years ago to the Peruvian diplomat and statesman, she has lived in Lima, where she has been exceptionally popular as a hostess. She is in New York for a visit with her brother, Stoddard Hancock, for the first time



Ira L. Hill's Studio

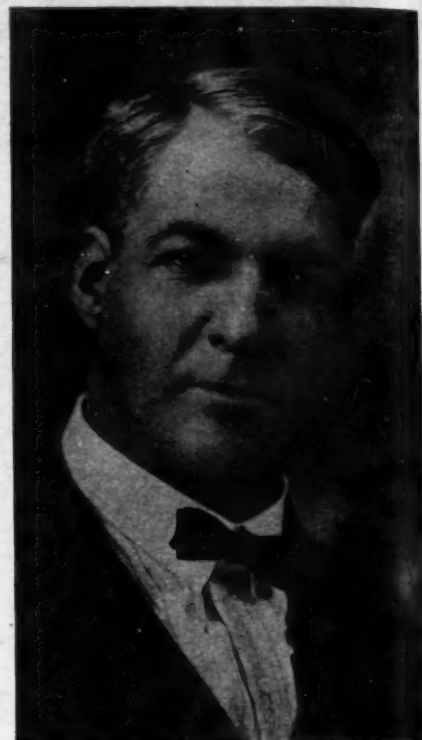
Senora Isais de Piérola of Peru (formerly Miss Fay Victoria Hancock of New York City) wearing the native mantilla of the Peruvian lady. The beautiful wife of the leader of the democratic party in Peru is now visiting in this country. The senora is a noted hostess and of marked literary talent



Hon. Woodbridge N. Ferris, the new senator from Michigan



Hon. David Aiken Reed, senator from Pennsylvania



Hon. Sydney Anderson, congressman from Minnesota

since her marriage took her to Peru. A part of her time has also been spent in Newport.

Senora de Piñola is a beautiful woman of marked literary ability, who has interested herself particularly in interpreting the manners and customs of the native Peruvian for the Americans. She is noted as a hostess, and her home is a rendezvous for the artistic and social sets.

Senor de Piñola is the leader of the democratic party in Peru and frequently spoken of as the logical choice for the presidency in the next elections. He is the son of the late Nicholas de Piñola, twice President of Peru.



WHEN I found a busy housewife, who is also active in social and church work, one evening earnestly studying the Congressional reports, when there were "best sellers" lying on the table, I was amazed. She was reading the pages of statistical records with the close interest of a novel. Again I looked and discovered that it was the three-volume report of the investigation which Congressman Sydney W. Anderson has conducted in relation to the cost of living.

Since that time I have observed that these volumes of Congressional reports have been studied more by women of America than by men. After all, women have to deal primarily and finally with the question of household economics, and the startling fact that it costs forty-nine per cent to sell an article over the counter and deliver it from the producer to the consumer has set women talking.

Representative Sydney Anderson is a worker. Born in Zumbrota, Goodhue County, Minnesota, the son of immigrants, he has proved what a real American should do. After graduating from high school, he studied law in Des Moines, Iowa, and began to practice at Kansas City, but in 1904 returned to Lanesboro, Minnesota, when he was elected a member of the sixty-second Congress, and has been re-elected continuously on to the sixty-seventh Congress, making six busy terms.

Having served in the 14th Minnesota Infantry during the

Spanish-American War, he has long had a broad view of national questions, and his friends feel he has long ago developed the abilities of Senatorial proportions. As a member of Congress, Sydney Anderson has built a monumental record for industry.

Laying aside her spectacles and looking up, the reader, now an American voter, observed:

"If more women would study the facts as presented in this report, they would be able to deal more intelligently with the grocer, the butcher, and the baker, to say nothing of the plumber and garage man. My belief is that in a few years women will possess an average of more concrete information in reference to the economical affairs of the nation than the men.

"It is a pity that young men and women cannot give a few minutes a day to some thoughtful and worth-while reading. The old excuse, 'Haven't time,' is worn out. Fifteen minutes devoted to concentrative reading of good material, good books, would count more than fifteen minutes extra in powdering their noses or adjusting a necktie."



AT the opening of every Congress there is an interest in knowing "Who's Who" and "who's going to be who." Senators and Congressmen are keenly observed as they start on their public career. Among the new Senators who is to respond to the roll-call is Woodbridge Nathan Ferris, the new Senator from Michigan. He served the people of Michigan as Governor, and now he feels that he has been promoted.

Senator Ferris was born in Spencer, New York, in 1853, but has been so long identified with Michigan that he might rightfully claim the privileges of a native-born son. Graduating from the Oswego Normal and Training School in 1873, he later completed the medical course at the University of Michigan, and can add M. D. to his many other degrees.

He began business life as principal of a business college and academy at Freeport, Illinois, and later was superintendent of schools at Pittsfield, Illinois, but the call of Michigan was too

strong, and in 1884 he founded and became president of the Ferris Institute at Big Rapids, and also president of the Savings Bank in that city.

In his work as educator and banker, he early took an active interest in public affairs. It will be interesting for his "boys and girls," graduating from his schools, scattered all over the country, to see how their old former instructor will line up as a United States Senator.

Having served two terms as Governor of Michigan, he won his Senatorial honors in a hard-fought battle and on his record. He is counted a man of ideals and high purposes, and it will be interesting to follow the work of an eminent educator in the deliberations of Congress. While he hails from Big Rapids, Michigan, there are very few people in the Wolverine State who do not know of Governor Ferris as the man from Michigan who has made school teaching a practical course for training in citizenship.



WHEN France needed a friend on the floor of the Senate, it was David Aiken Reed who responded with an address that thrilled the heart of the land of Joan of Arc. Senator Reed spoke out of his heart and experience. He is one of the younger Senators who served in the World War and was a Major in the 311th Field Artillery, wearing four gold stripes on his khaki uniform.

Born and reared in Pittsburgh, married there, and having always lived there, he is a real Pittsburgher and Pennsylvanian to the core. Senator Reed graduated from Princeton and loves the romantic atmosphere of old Nassau.

As chairman of the Pennsylvania Industrial Accidents Commission, he came in close touch with the labor situation, and became interested in politics. Returning from two years' service overseas, he practiced law vigorously until 1922, when he was chosen Senator.

With Senator George Wharton Pepper from the East and Senator Reed from the West, Pennsylvania voters feel they have a well-balanced and well-complimented Senatorial team, both of whom have quickly won prominence and high standing in the Senate that appeals to the phlegmatic and enduring pride of a large number of Pennsylvanians in backing up her public servants at Washington to the last ditch.



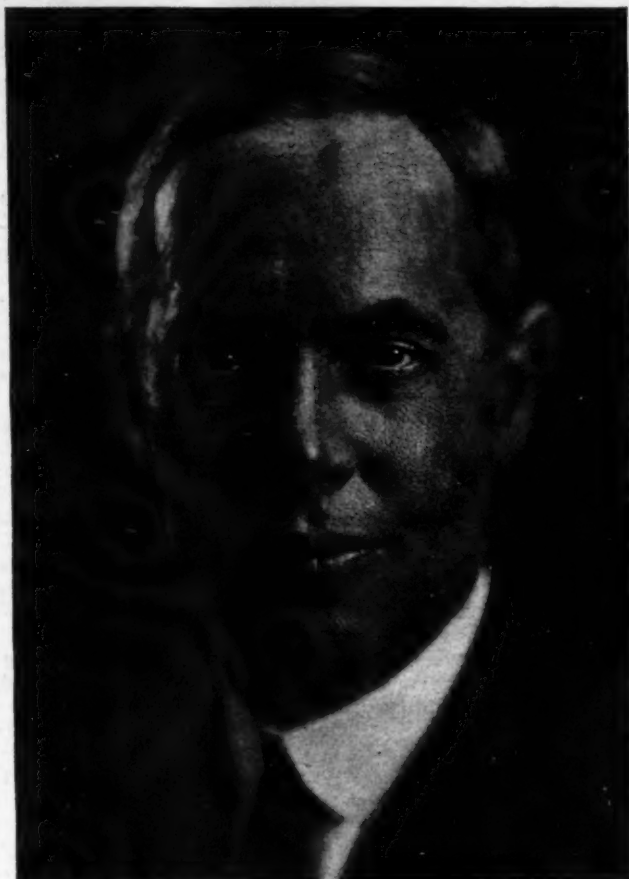
IT is freely predicted that in the opening Congress there will be three men who will be watched as outstanding possibilities as nominees of the Democratic party for President. While it is agreed among the leaders that William G. McAdoo will enter the convention with a goodly bunch of delegates, it is believed that there is much active opposition to prevent the necessary two-thirds vote, as there is a desire to get away from the memories associated with defeat.

One of these figures will be Governor Samuel Ralston of Indiana, who has a way of getting nominated. Thomas Taggart still lives in Indiana and has his finger on the pulse of delegates.

Senator Ralston looks like Grover Cleveland and has a strong following. Then there is Senator Underwood with a record of eminent national service, but the support of William Jennings Bryan has not been announced.

The last one of the trio who will be watched with increased interest is Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York. Political lightning has struck in strange places and it seems to find in the aggressive young Senator a shining mark as indicated in his political record.

While Senator Copeland is an ardent supporter of Governor Al Smith of New York as a candidate, his friends are not forgetting what might occur if Senator Smith could not command the necessary two-thirds vote. Then it is a free field—and



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Hon. Richard Washburn Child, whose resignation as ambassador to Italy is now pending

dark horses have a way of winning these days—even over the favorite sons. With the friendship and support of William Randolph Hearst he has a powerful newspaper support to start with on a presidential campaign. At the Syracuse Convention when Dr. Copeland was nominated Senator it was a surprise even to Tammany Hall, but Dr. Copeland's political life has been one of surprises. He took up his residence in Washington early in October to be close to the center of things. When the merry days of early December arrive, marking the opening of the sixty-eighth Congress, many a Barkis will be found willing to listen to the call.



STARTLING figures have been disclosed in the census bureau —divorces increasing and marriages decreasing in the United States. Nevada leads the list with divorces and "Maryland, My Maryland," for marriages. The percentage of decrease in marriages is growing to an alarming extent. Perhaps it is the caution with which self-reliant, intelligent womanhood is looking into the matter of marital relations. Divorces have been exploited in the newspapers, iterated and reiterated to such an extent that it has become a custom rather than an exception, and the sacred marriage vow is being looked upon as a social pastime. There are some forthcoming figures in the census department that will awaken the people to a realization that some of the foundations of civilization have been slipping in these latter years. And yet we read little in the newspapers of the millions of happy homes. The dark corners of life are exploited first, fast and furious—day after day. The propaganda of crime is ever with us as the dominant news of the day.

With Harding in Alaska, Land of Isolation

A "rocking-chair chat" with the readers of the NATIONAL about the scenes and incidents of the Presidential tour through the wonderland of the north

WHILE there has been a great deal written by myself and others about the trip to Alaska with President Harding, I have felt that I wanted to sit down with the readers of the NATIONAL and talk it over, as we gather about the fireside in the tingle of autumn days.

We might call it a little "rocking-chair chat" without thought of repeated phrase or incident. Vision the map in the old geographies! When Alaska is mentioned, one thinks of snow-capped peaks, glaciers and cold. There are all of those in Alaska; but, on the other hand, all the climates of the United States are rolled into three months in this wonderland of the North.

The trip through Glacier Park in Montana was a sort of overture to the main show. There, amid the greatest glaciers in the United States, we seemed to be preparing for the trip to Alaska, the alluring land of isolation. There I began to know what it is like to ride a horse, and lived over the experiences of the rangers on the mountain trails. Mary Roberts Rinehart and other literary celebrities who have roughed it in the Rockies have glorified Glacier Park as a wonderland.

Leaving these scenes of lake-mirrored mountains and restful solitudes, I found myself in Spokane in a few hours to join the Presidential party, which at that time had reached the high tide of popular interest in the West. President Harding had driven a tractor and shocked wheat on the plains of Kansas, fed the bears in the Yellowstone—in fact, came into physical touch with the people and their environments.

His reception was but the beginning of the most popular transcontinental tour ever made by any President. The people were beginning to recognize the man who had won their votes and hearts and who was growing in popular interest every hour.

At the Davenport Hotel in Spokane, a triumph to the genius of Louis Davenport, who started out with a little restaurant and built up a hostelry now known the country over, the President was entertained in the same way as if at the Waldorf. It was a day when a President was in heart touch with his fellow-Americans—men, women, and children.

The picturesque climax of the tour was at Meacham, at the Old Oregon Trail celebration. There assembled some of the old pioneers and thousands of their descendants. The sturdy pioneer spirit here revealed has ever been the hope of the country. Self-reliant and progressive, these people were ready for the responsibilities of entertaining a President. There were many of the old wagons (some of them had crossed the plains); the Indians were there in primeval pageant glory; there were the old stage coaches, one of them driven by an old-timer, with Mrs. Harding at his side atop the coach, the triumphant chariot-coach and six; there were even oxen there. It was a re-enactment of a gorgeous scene, recalling "The Covered Wagon." Every-

body seemed happy in that day of Oregon sunshine—a day of consecration to the memory and spirit of American pioneers.

In Portland, "The City of Roses," followed another day of sunshine and flowers, for everyone was happy just to have a glimpse of the President. Mrs. Harding, in her gracious way, won the hearts of the women. The only day of rain after that strenuous trip across the continent was at Tacoma, but it was a soft and gentle shower. The residents call it "mist," and they gathered by thousands and tens of thousands just to hear the President.

WALKING up the gang plank of the S. S. *Henderson*, President Harding looked forward to a rest from the strenuous days of meeting millions of people. They had taken much from his strong and vigorous vitality, but he gave himself unreservedly, saying:

"When I took the oath of office, the work was to help bring myself and others to normal—and that can be accomplished by knowing one another well."

There was sincerity in every look and manner, and the people began then to understand why they trusted and loved Warren G. Harding as President.

The upper deck of the *Henderson* was aglow with flowers, expressing the love of the people for the President and First Lady. Everybody settled down—ready for a voyage of discovery. There was a calm smile on the face of the President as he puffed his pipe leisurely, looking out from the deck, as we sailed Puget Sound.

With twenty-one Presidential saluting guns, the *Henderson*, five hundred and eighty-three feet long, the largest ship that had ever sailed northern waters, was northward bound. In

NATIONAL readers are referred to the November issue of the *Metropolitan Magazine* for the beginning of the biography of "Harding, the Man from Main Street" by Joe Mitchell Chapple, which later will include the more intimate details of President Harding's tour of Alaska

these placid waters of the inland route it was like sailing up a great river. On either side the shores seemed to express the stunning silence of primeval days. Sailing a thousand miles to the northward through this river-sea, everybody became acquainted with each other.

Fire drill and inspection was the order of the day, and we felt as if we were serving in a real

navy. The marines in smart uniforms, with glorious red stripes on their trousers, were drilling on the forward deck. Every moment was occupied, and when the gong sounded in quick succession for "fire," "collision," and "abandon ship," there was a rush up and down the decks.

"Suppose they should not come in regular order, and abandon ship first?" queried Secretary Christian, as he watched the little Filipinos turn the hose on the ocean.

Then immediately followed "collision" and "abandon ship" as coolly and automatically as if they were serving a meal. Dr. Sawyer and Dr. Boone had to dodge the center rush, while Secretary Wallace, reputed as having once been possessed of fiery red hair, just escaped the aim of the spouting nozzle. Governor Spry, the Land Commissioner, proved true to his name when he saw the waterspout coming.

In the rush I lost my own cap overboard, and later found that the ship's stores do not carry civilian headgear. The only thing that I could procure was a naval chapeau which, when combined with brass buttons, is worn by the Secretary of the Navy. When worn with black buttons, it becomes the insignia of a steward. I chose the brass buttons, and F. G. Bonfils, publisher of the *Denver Post*, immediately dubbed me "Commodore." I returned the compliment by christening him "Admiral," and as "Admiral" and "Commodore" we were known for the remainder of the trip, sharing honors with Admiral Rodman, retired.

The Washington newspaper correspondents of the party, under the direction of Dean Ouilhan, of the *New York Times* and Robert H. Barry of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, were hungry for news—when there was no news. The *Pusher's Gazette*, edited and distributed with all the unction of an official document, was launched.

Sports took the lead and a "Shuffleboard Tournament" was announced in verse:

We'll choose by lot our partners for the play.
For matchplay we will draw
Out of Chapple's famous straw.

This libelous reference to my straw hat, which was being tenderly carried "farther north," was touching. This poor relic was doomed to a tragic end in a bonfire in the glow of the Arctic Circle.

Watchful night and day, the two destroyers, "330" and "334," fore and aft, guarded the floating White House as she sailed on to Arctic seas. Everyone began to watch for glaciers, the great mountains of ice, one of which is John Muir's monument on which might be inscribed this epitaph:

"He was the spirit and soul for all speechless things."

ON the romantic island of Annette, given over to Father Duncan and the Psimpsian Indians by a special act of Congress, the first landing in Alaska was made. Everywhere were evidences of tropic growth, for here with plenty

of rain and twenty-four hours of sun a day, things were growing at a rapid pace. One of the party said he could almost hear the cabbages as they put on another leaf every morning—they were skunk cabbages at that. Here old-fashioned flower gardens and potato patches snuggled side by side.

The little boats plied about while the Indian band played the "Star Spangled Banner"—D. C. and repeat. A landing was made in launches on a glorious, sunny Sunday morning. Up the street the little party passed through a line of tiny Indian school children, decorated with caps, glowing with bits of bunting, the Stars and Stripes in evidence everywhere. These Indians were cannibals within the lifetime of Father Duncan, and today they present a high type of civilization. This island is the religious center of Alaska, for here are located the two largest churches in the territory.

The story of Father Duncan is now a part of American history. He was an English traveling man, who caught the missionary spirit and came out to British Columbia to work among the Pimpsean Indians. He had trouble with the church authorities and received permission to move his band of Indians to the little island, which he named Annette.

The exercises were held on the lawn in front of the schoolhouse. The chorus sung selections from the oratorio "Elijah," indicating the musical training given during the long winter nights by Father Duncan. It was a sort of an open forum. The President introduced the members of the Cabinet, Secretary Work, Secretary Hoover, and Secretary Wallace. They talked matters over with the President—man to man—under the scorching Alaskan sun.

A stroll was taken on the sidewalks, which are built on stilts above the rank vegetation and moss which cover the soil. One shop was open, only for the convenience of the visitors of the day who might wish to secure souvenirs. Above the piano was a sign which read: "Do not practice; play if you can."

The President began his memorable pilgrimage among the Alaskan children. Their delight knew no bounds. They did everything that they could think of to make both him and Mrs. Harding happy, even to going down the steep hillsides and plucking the dainty forget-me-nots, with which their fields are covered. The forget-me-not is the official flower of Alaska.

After visiting the two largest churches in Alaska, the President stopped and put a wreath of daisies and Alaskan roses on the grave of Father Duncan, near the twin-towered church which he had built, resembling Westminster Abbey. There sat five old Indian women. We asked about Father Duncan.

"He up there," they replied, pointing to the sunny skies overhead.

The home of Father Duncan, not far from the wharf, was visited. Everything in this wooden cabin was just as he left it years ago. Tenderly and reverently the villagers hold the things that he was wont to use: his slippers, his coat, his papers, the books and papers at his fireside; all the things that once belonged to this father of the village. Father Duncan's successor was an uncle of Secretary Herbert Hoover, who was deeply touched with the honor and respect that was also shown to his missionary relative.

The Indian-Americans waved solemnly as the ship weighed anchor and sailed on to Ketchikan, a little city built on the ledge of a mountain. It has been called a perpendicular town built on piles. The *Henderson* glided into

the wharf which had been the scene of lively activities during the gold-rush days, and amid the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" a President landed on the soil of Alaska.

The planked streets were thronged with people, who broke forth into lively and lusty cheers, emphasizing the fact that there were Americans

In the October and November numbers of *McClure's Magazine* our readers will find more details of the Presidential tour, accompanied by the most graphic and informative map of Alaska and its resources ever published, and containing special pictures of the alluring, sombre and superlative splendors of this, the greatest wonderland of the world

present. The reception by the Mayor and C. H. Strong, one of the early pioneers who helped to build the town with the spirit of his old home city of Seattle, provided a tour of the canneries and an inspection of the new tunnel providing a bounteous supply of mountain water, and the new baseball park to replace the tide flats.

Here the party discovered that it was the anniversary of the wedding of President and Mrs. Harding, and the two were overwhelmed with good wishes by the Alaskan-Americans and the party. An impromptu reception was held on the deck, while the President, in his happiest mood, remarked, as he gazed at the woman who had for thirty-two years been his helpmate and inspiration:

"It was a happy day when I won the 'Duchess.'"

As they stood together waving hands to those on shore and shaking hands with those aboard ship, it was agreed that no handsomer couple had ever stood under a bridal bower. Even this happy event did not interfere with the President holding the ship for another hour for a conference with the citizens to obtain an exchange of ideas concerning the needs of Ketchikan, in order that some day it may realize its ambition to become a great trading center. He had visited the red-painted canneries and learned about the famed sock-eyed salmon, which with aid of the latest Yankee labor-saving devices was rushed into the can, duly "packed," before he had a chance to wink, at the New England Fisheries Company plant.

On this wedding anniversary Mrs. Harding stood on the deck, waiting for her husband to join her before she would leave for the cabin. No matter how long before he returned, he found her waiting to join him. The good ship slid out of the docks in the witchery of a July moonlight, whose rays recalled the day when the young couple were married in their own home in Marion, Ohio, in 1891.

The boat was too large to go through the "narrows" and circled northward to reach Wrangell, one of the oldest towns in southwestern Alaska.

On the government house green, the people surged forward for a handshake after the President's hearty and homelike greeting. Little Margaret McCormick presented Mrs. Harding with a bouquet of gorgeous peonies, aglow with

all the brilliance of the old-fashioned flower gardens in the states.

A stray dog came along and wagged a friendly greeting. The little master of the dog claimed the right to meet the President, who stopped and patted the little lad on the head as he pushed through the ropes declaring:

"This is my dog, Mr. President!"

This incident recalls the story written by John Muir concerning the Indian dog "Stikine," who became so attached to his master that he swam out to sea in an endeavor to follow him when he left after his notable explorations of the glacier glories of Alaska.

* * *

THE sturdy Scandinavian people of Petersburg, a neighboring city, came over *en masse* and made the most of their opportunity by placing a large poster sign where the President could look upon it as he addressed them:

"We Welcome You to Petersburg! Although You Cannot Go There, We Can Come Here!"

They were all there, and Wrangell gained largely in population that day.

The wireless and the cable were busy. An unexpected trip was made to Skagway—Skagway, the romantic. At a few hours' notice the three hundred and eighty-four inhabitants were on the wharf with flags as the boat nestled up under the great cliffs that overlook the town.

On the wharf the famous outlaw, "Soapy Smith," met a tragic end when the sheriff attempted to arrest him. Both men fell dead as each fired. "Soapy's" grave, far up the canyon, is now a point of interest for tourists.

Here we saw the first railroad in Alaska, a narrow gauge, the White Horse Pass and Yukon Railway running coaches to the wharf. People now travel in comfort over the passes that cost many a life during the Yukon gold rush. The train meets the river boats that sail placidly on down the Yukon.

We stopped at the Pullen Hotel, still run by Mrs. Pullen, whose son achieved distinction during the war overseas. It was a homey place and the old faro and roulette tables were reminders of the early days.

From Skagway it was a dreary voyage back through the icy straits to Nome—here and there meeting a floating iceberg and chilling winds, and always on the lookout for glaciers.

In the early morning there was a throng of cheering Americans under a sea of umbrellas, giving the greeting of Juneau, capital city of Alaska—the rain being taken as a matter of course. School children were there with large bouquets of fire weed, and their cheers in the dripping rain were heard above the shrieking whistles of the vessels in port.

The comments ran fast down the line:

"My, ain't he a big man!"

"Y'u betcha! And he's a good man, too," piped in a curly-haired little miss. This chorused the Alaskan welcome.

Speeches were made from the porch of the government house during the drizzling rain, and conferences between the citizens and members of the Cabinet were continued under cover all day. The Alaska legislature meets in an old yellow building, perched on the side of a hill, which looks like an abandoned roller-skating rink. The enactments of the Alaskan legislation must be confirmed by Congress before they become the law of the land.

Everyone in the party seemed to think of the folks at home on this rainy day and went shopping. Gifts of fur, totem poles, walrus ivory and nuggets—something to span the memory of

this day in Alaska, five thousand miles from the loved ones.

The fishery question is the uppermost issue and the football in Alaskan politics. Fishermen form the "farmer bloc" in Alaska. Delegate Sutherland, a member of Congress, met his constituents and held impromptu receptions. Lunch and dinner were served in the lobby of the hotel, and the reception at Governor Bone's residence that night resembled a real White House reception.

There was little talk of statehood. They wanted to be understood, and I found that my friend, the Rexall druggist, who was a member of the Alaska Senate, knew as much about fishing as he did about drugs. He was the pioneer Rexall druggist in Alaska.

ON the sail across the Alaska Gulf we shivered and thanked our lucky stars that we had followed Admiral Rodman's advice to take along sweaters as well as goloshes. Until we reached Seward the sweaters were our close companions. Here, outside the rim of the Japan stream, is where the real, genuine blizzards of the northwest originate.

On a glorious morning the great red peaks of the Alaskan range came in view. It was an inspiring sight as the *Henderson* sailed into Resurrection Bay, through the "Harding Gateway," named for the distinguished visitor. The land-locked harbor, surrounded by towering mountains, is a picture that captivated even the early Russian explorers. Seward is the port and terminus of the Alaskan railway, in which the government invested fifty-six millions to connect the Pacific Ocean with the Arctic.

The port is open all winter, and Fairbanks, in the interior of Alaska, does not seem so far away. Here was found a standard-gauge Pullman train waiting. The locomotive and some of the equipment were used in Panama. As we entered the Pullman cars, it was hard to realize that we were to make a trip of over a thousand miles with all the comforts of the Twentieth Century, even a dining car supplied with Alaskan fruits and vegetables.

The first stop was made at the "Tunnel." The stations are indicated by mile posts. This was at mile post "59." The men of the construction camp gathered about to give greeting with a feast. The guests ate from tin plates and drank from tin cups. One newspaper man who called for a "glass of water" was frowned upon with contempt by the young section foreman, who served us, handing him a tin cup saying:

"You need a pick and shovel to eat with. Shall I bring you a fire bucket?"

It gave us the real atmosphere of the rugged way of living in Alaska. That dinner! Fried chicken, Maryland style; ham that was ham—um, um; chicken gravy that made bread the luxury of life; delicious lettuce, tomatoes and salad; apple pie that made us think we were in the Boston pie belt. Outside, timothy hay was growing furiously night and day and we used the straws for toothpicks.

A stop was made at Girdwood, a little village of one hundred people. Among those who greeted the President was Joe Merino, who kept a little store in the village. When the President shook the hand of the stalwart pioneer and congratulated him as the father of eighteen children, Joe responded:

"Only nine at home—others gone away."

It requires nine children to establish a school in Alaska; Joe's children filled up one school and he had the privilege of another.

Winding around the great mountains, the train circled the shores of historic Turnabout Inlet, so named by the Indians because of the great rush of the tide, in and out, which keeps the water constantly in a turmoil. Everyone was still looking for glaciers, great icy fields nestling between the mountain peaks. On up the mountains and through tunnels to the loop, an enrapturing scene of Nature's splendor, as the train circled about in a figure eight, terracing the unnamed peaks.

The whistle of the air brakes had a strange sound in the wilds of Alaska. After the train was inspected by Colonel Shipley of the Baltimore & Ohio, who had charge of the President's train across the continent, both on its joyful westward and on that heavily-draped train of mourning which carried home the body of the beloved Harding, we felt as if we were going on a Sunday excursion from Washington.

On a Dodge speeder automobile, used in construction work, fitted up with flanged wheels which took the rails of the train ahead, the President and Mrs. Harding enjoyed the scenic splendors of mountain ranges heaped together, over crag and torrent and glacier wild, tier upon tier up the mountains. The most massive snowsheds in the world are here, standing up under avalanches of snow and ice on their flat roofs, glancing off to the valleys below. Photographers threw up their hands—the beauties here could never be caught by the camera. As in the Yosemite and the Yellowstone, the human eye can vision what no lens can reproduce.

THE party was in charge of Colonel Steese, U. S. A., in charge of the railroad, and nothing was lacking in that first Presidential tour in Alaska. Arriving at Anchorage, picturesquely located on a plateau, we found it to be the center of government railway operations. It is a busy little city, nine years old. The government has made a good profit on the town site investment. Peopled with live-voiced Americans, who have great dreams of the future of Anchorage as the capital of Alaska, the Anchorites have already made a start by securing the land office, and wear anchors as emblems of future hopes.

Addressing the throng gathered in the street at nearly midnight, in the sheen of light, President Harding witnessed the meeting of dusk and dawn. It was as light as day. One hundred and fifty miles away was Mt. McKinley, standing out as Alaska's priceless pearl in a sea of golden light. The myriads of little homes nestling in gardens made it seem like a scene of fairyland, with little children, healthy and robust, shouting and laughing and playing in the light of the midnight sun.

Colonel Dunlap, who owns the motion picture theaters in many cities of Alaska, was making an Alaskan feature picture. Jack O'Brien was playing the part of the handsome lover in this new Alaskan production, and he was truly the idol of the young ladies thereabouts.

Traveling north at night on sleepers through the wilds of Alaska, in the balmy air suggesting Palm Beach, seemed like bringing the world close together. At an early hour of the night one could raise the curtains of the sleeper and look up at the peerless Mt. McKinley.

At the coal fields of Chickaloon was a demonstration that all is not coal that looks like coal. Mines were opened, but the coal would not coke. That night the Pullman train was parked at Broad Pass. Everyone prepared for a bloody fight with the skeeters, but the mosquitoes did not call that night.

One-third of the coal used on the Alaskan railroads comes from the Nenana River Valley, farther to the north. The coal is also marketed along the Alaskan coast from Ketchikan to Kodiak, the ancient Russian capital of Alaska, which likely suggested the name for Eastman's famous trade-mark. Characteristically, everything has its name in Alaska. The name itself was coined by Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, as they sneered at Secretary Seward concerning the "Polar Bear" treaty. The places seem to name themselves, and the names found here form a distinctive composite nomenclature.

As the President greeted the "huskies" at Kobe, the terminus of the overland dog-team mail trail to the Kuskokwim and Iditarod, the gold district, there arose memories of Laddie Boy. All along are the characteristic dog barns. The President was warned not to pat the huskies on the head, for although very faithful, they are not affectionate, and cannot even be fed from the hand. They are not far removed from the wolf, and when turned loose they readily go back and join the pack. A good husky leader dog is worth about \$300, and will obey no one but his master. While en route these dogs sleep in the snow, with their tails curled up to their noses. They have been known to travel a hundred miles a day in the dog derby races from Nome. One of the secret service men could not resist purchasing a Siberian husky to bring back to Washington. In summer the farmers use the dogs with small wagons as well as with sleds in winter, so that the twenty thousand dogs in harness in Alaska do more work than all the dogs in the United States of America.

Over the steel rails toward the North Pole! The very day the President left Washington, the standard gauge railroad was completed to Fairbanks. At the end of the million-dollar bridge which spans the Tanana River, at Nenana, occurred the ceremony of driving the golden spike. Secretary Work formally received the report of Colonel I. G. Steese, in charge of the Alaska railroad work. The gold spike was to be driven gently in by the President and then removed, to be kept as a souvenir, while a real iron spike took its place. With the first stroke of the sledge hammer, the President missed the mark and hit the rail, but with the second blow he hit the spike on the head. This incident marked the official function of the trip, commemorating the connection of the Arctic and the Pacific by rail—an event as important in its way as the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in the United States.

As the President followed the procession behind the local band down the streets of Nenana, he was taken to the "log igloo," and was duly prepared to evolve from a Cheechakos into a real "sour-dough." The stern, relentless outer guard refused admission to Dr. Sawyer and George Christian. Even the Secret Service men failed to get in. Alone and unattended, the President was made a member of the Arctic Brotherhood, called the First Alaskan President, one of their very own, proud of the fact that within their fraternal circle was Warren G. Harding, the Man.

Soon after landing in Alaska, he was advised that he was to be initiated into the Arctic Brotherhood, the secret organization of the "sour-doughs." He asked me to obtain for him a complete, comprehensive definition of the word. Impressed with the importance of my mission, I sought Captain Austin E. Lathrop, pioneer and business man of Alaska for twenty-

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David Lloyd George—*an* American View

By JAMES McLEOD

Nature made but one such man,
And broke the die in Sheridan.

SO was the versified epitaph of the very able Briton who flourished when our Republic was in swaddling clothes. And well might it be written of the distinguished statesman now visiting America,

Only once they used the forge
Wherein was molded D. Lloyd George.

A few years ago, when foes surged and broke before him as breakers on a granite precipice, a cartoonist depicted the Welshman, triumphantly smiling, and the artist's caption read: "It's a Gift!" It is; Lloyd George stands out unique among the superstatesmen of time. Even his enemies admire him, and while accusing him of every political crime in the calendar, they do so in generalities, ever being specific to admit that he is honest, keen and clever, and so smart as to worthily wear the ancient Scottish label, "The De'il's ain chiel."

Our school children well know that Europe is in turmoil; they know that although five years have elapsed since the armistice, there is no peace.

They know that men in exalted power in Britain and on the Continent have not succeeded in setting up a plan by which a peace may be fashioned. They know of issues and disputes, but they recall few names, and them hazily. But there is one outstanding figure of a man who may be said without fear of dispute to be the best known individual in the world today. That man is David Lloyd George, the small town lawyer from Wales.

Now, things in Europe cannot go on forever as they are now. True, there have been great wars there before; but they were physical combats largely, with casualties mostly in human lives on the battlefield. There was none of the frightful economic pressure we now have, for the simple reason that most of the nations in those days were self-sustaining, and there was not the inter-dependence brought through the linking of nations with transportation and communication as we know it.

Lloyd George of all the European statesmen has the vision to grasp the picture as it is—and singularly enough our only statesman similarly endowed is another Welshman, our Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, whose forbears came from Carnarvon in Wales, whence also came our Secretary of Labor, James Davis, whose concept of the industrial side of life's problem runs in the lines guiding Lloyd George and Hughes.

The former Premier of Britain and our Secretary of State admittedly, by all who have kept abreast of the developments of the last ten years, are the two men on whom civilization is leaning for support.

All this by way of first adjusting the reader's mind to the human equations upon which the solution of the world's woes immediately is contingent.

Our Mr. Hughes has done his part in his orderly assembling the major nations of the Western Hemisphere, and softening and ameliorating conflicting emotions and gestures in the Pacific; Britain's Mr. Lloyd George is doing his part in cohering so-called Anglo-Saxon minds generally, and preparing to lead again the government of his country, when the whirligig of Time shall have called upon him.

Thus it is plain that the present visit of the Briton to this side of the water, wholly freed from commercialism and entirely a matter of personal impulse, can be for no other purpose than to acquaint himself largely with American and Canadian sentiment, in order that he, when on the British hustings and possibly sooner than many suspect, may have the prestige of a clear knowledge that inasmuch as he carries on in accordance with the suggestions inspired by his experiences here, so will he have New World support.

His American tour thus far has been a perfect execution of flawless plans. It was deferred by him, deliberately, until the impossible ministry in Britain should have proved its incapacity. Impossible, because of the presence in it of two men so stupendously far apart as Premier Baldwin and his rival for that post, Lord Curzon, the gorgeous secretary for foreign affairs. Already we have been told of the warfare between the two; of Curzon, whose advent into the realms of upper statecraft was made possible by the millions acquired by that worthy Dutch burgher, Levi Z. Leiter, the Chicago shop-keeper, whose daughter married Curzon and with her wealth lifted him from obscurity to the vice-regency of India. Curzon has kept Baldwin between perdition and hot water with his officious and pompous bumptiousness which has equally amused and angered the French. Lloyd George put off his American visit until even a child might see that the politicians of London, Paris, and Berlin were at a task beyond their skill—and then he came here to stage his own great battle for the mightiest power on earth—the premiership of Great Britain, the spirit of that empire incarnate in one man.

He came here for the Colonial vote—and very apparently is getting it. His opening gun was fired in New York.

Lloyd George, wise and astute, long ago learned that it is best to try honey first, before using a fly-swatter; the process attracts more insects, they die happy, and more of them succumb. Therefore his splendid tribute to the wonderful America, his laudation of George Washington as the real founder of the modern British empire—and even the policemen in the hall, many of Corkonian stock, led the mad cheers.

The wily—and the word is used deliberately as belonging to one who while he may have all the innocence of the dove lacks none of the wisdom of the serpent—well knew of the Irish unrest. Martin Glynn, the former governor of New York, and still esteemed highly by his brethren as well as all who know him, was formally and finely and freely decorated by Lloyd George as the man who really solved the Irish question so-called, and inspired Lloyd George to end the ages of injustice with the Free State. David got away with it nicely. The large crowd at Albany cheered, and many with a bit of brogue revised opinions of Taffyd, and felt, after all, that he must have a bit of Irish in him, himself!

The next halt in the hustings was in Vermont—and there, within view, almost, of the warfare of the Revolution, again came the grateful and humble former premier, laying garlands of words on the memories of the heroes of the Revolution—and again ringing the bell! Then came the memorable stop at the home of Robert Todd Lincoln, son of our own Lincoln. That gentleman heard the Welsh lawyer eulogize, not fulsomely, but meekly and yet sublimely, pay tribute to the



Photograph from Wide World Photos

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, one of the most important figures in England today, despite his temporary eclipse—perhaps one of the most important figures in the world—holds the center of the stage of public interest during his tour in this country and Canada. One of the greatest statesmen Europe has produced, his name will go down to history linked with those of Disraeli and Gladstone. During the greatest crisis in Great Britain's national history, he stood an unyielding bulwark in her defence

Liberator, and fish from the breast pocket where he carries the bestowal medallions, another token, making earth's opinion of Abraham Lincoln unanimous.

Then came Montreal, first visited by Lloyd George twenty-five years ago, when he was barely starting that amazing career.

But whisper!

Montreal is a great repository of secrets, and likewise one of the empire's finest broadcasting stations. One Max Aitken, who disposed of the well which once served as second syllable for his first name and turned to other wells in Britain, is known in Montreal. A New Brunswicker from the same area whence came Bonar Law of nebulous memory, Aitken now is far from his original insurance agent activities, and is a British noble—Lord Beaverbrook. Aitken didn't lose a cent in his wheat dickens during the war. Recently he has purchased several newspapers in England, and has gone so high that he must safeguard himself.

All right; but one may with safety place a reasonable wager that when Taffyd returns to Merrie England for the second phase of the campaign, the noble Maxwell will exercise a vast caution in handling the Welshman, who not only has the happy faculty of saying things, but the added gift of delivery in the precisely calculated manner for anticipated reaction. Lloyd George has some astute friends in Montreal, and many more there are willing to enter his confessional box and supply him with an abundance of ammunition.

Just now, an imperial conference is being held in London. From Canada is the comparatively youthful premier McKenzie King, trying his best to appear quite premierish while wearing the large mantle of Sir John A. Macdonald, and inviting pedal distress slopping around in the shoes of Sir Wilfred Laurier.

King's political days are numbered, along with his liberal government, quite entirely partisanly political, damned fervently by papers of even his own formally designated party. King is presenting his views—but Lloyd George wants to find out what is back of the "Whisper of Death" series of first page editorials in Lord Atholstan's great newspaper. He is acquiring first hand information.

How? By allowing the politicians to tell him their stories? Nay! For he is nobody's fool; when he says he is a son of the people, he tells the truth from every angle. Born humbly, struggling for education, fighting for existence, reared and developed in that pure rural atmosphere wherein the naked material and the gloriously spiritual are blended so grandly, long ago he learned how to separate wheat from chaff—by the flail! And the flailers have no soft hands or softer voices.

So the great war premier calmly is garnering wheat. Leaving the pomp of receptions and the din of laudation, praise and glorification, he hies him to a suburb of Montreal—all arranged as a mere incident of his trip—and there, at the laying of the cornerstone of a new small Baptist church, the superstatesman touches off another time-bomb in his campaign. He shakes the timbre of Miriam; he voices the anthems of the apostles; he reincarnates Paul of Tarsus and the doughty John Bunyan, and as he turns the first sod for the new edifice, a world is told of his words. He led the singing in his resonant baritone, and preached a fine sermon on godlessness, imploring—aye, commanding, that humanity turn from the materialistic orgy to the ancient orthodoxy and a fear of God. The delivery was exquisite; none of the rant of the exhorter and none of the cant of the unctuous; simply the fervent declaration of a rank-and-filer who, shunning anything doctrinal and equally indifferent to evolution or other scientific piffle, understanding the natural human heart as none other, played vibrantly upon the old chord of the Gospel—and no one could mistake that in re-establishing the Throne, the willing toiler at the labor is none other than our hero!

Insincere? Can you prove it?

Just square conjecture with the visible facts; personally, Lloyd George ever has practised his precepts: One God, One Wife, One Home, the trinity of the truly elect and plainly fore-ordained!

At Ottawa, the great man chatted in passing with the British heir-apparent, the Prince of Wales, visiting Canada as Lord Renfrew. The keen blue eyes of the former premier twinkled merrily; he was unimpressed with lordship, polite usage fiction for the time lifting the crushing weight of regality from the shoulders of the young man. For David has made more lords than one could count; as when, during a mulish spell of the British upper house, the noble lords in righteous wrath defeated some of the premier's pet plans for the benefit of the down-trodden, he, bland yet biting, offhand packed the convention! He merely created enough lords to assure him of a majority, and left the chagrined Tories to bite their nails and gnash their teeth, in impotence rage at the blighter who got away with it, as usual.

Then came Niagara Falls, which of course must needs be included in the itinerary; for who of our great middle class

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A man of letters amongst men of the world

Letters of Franklin K. Lane

A sidelight on the history of war times that reveals the soul of an American patriot born on foreign soil

ANNE WINTERMUTE LANE, the devoted wife of the late Franklin K. Lane, has the credit of a historian extraordinary in preserving and presenting the remarkable letters of her notable husband to the public in making up the records of war times. "The Letters of Franklin K. Lane" give an intimate glimpse of the real workings of the Cabinet in war times, and indicate that official heights of eminence cannot eliminate the natural processes of mind in personal contact.

Out of a mass of correspondence dictated to many stenographers, handled in the rush and hurry of war days, dashed off on trains or in bed, in moments before catching trains, the letters are illuminating chronicles of days already historical.

His observations extended beyond the limitations of the Interior Department, for he had an unusual mind and often made suggestions to other members of the Cabinet, which indicated a thorough supply of information on all vital points concerning the conducting of the war.

When the difficulty of transporting troops overseas came up, he followed up the situation to a finish, and secured the information of just the number of ships it would require, the size of the convoy and the supplies necessary. These vital little scraps and notes, the incidental things, are the straws that indicate which way the wind of public opinion is blowing.

The letters are the story of a lad born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in 1864, who at the early age of five years moved with his parents to California. He attended the grammar school and had the real experiences of an American boy—and was restive to get into action.

* * *

Passionately devoted to his mother, who was with him until late in life, Franklin K. Lane heroically faced the struggles of life with a home ideal. One of his secretaries, Joseph J. Cotter, used to remark that whatever was of home interest was of first consideration with Franklin K. Lane. In the last operation he took the one chance of a thousand, asking that his remains might be cremated and cast to the winds—to go back to the bosom of Mother Nature whom he loved as his own.

In his correspondence with his old friend, John H. Wigmore, there is an example of chumship flowering into mature friendship which so carry on from youth through the whirling distinction and passing ways.

The eldest of four children, Franklin Lane began early in life to assume the responsibilities which usually devolve upon the eldest child of the family. Early memories were associated with the little white farmhouse on Prince Edward Island, surrounded with the hedge of hawthornes, which was a parsonage. Because of bronchitis, his father gave up preaching and became a dentist, but there was no relaxation in

his religious faith and practice in rearing his family.

In manhood a little above average height, with the deep chest and deep voice that always go with the born leader of men, a clear eye and massive head suggested power and executive strength. The music of his laughter was the soul of merriment. In that California community at Napa was a test of frontier struggles. These little lads from Canada in their kilts were a picture never to be forgotten of the Scotch tenacity to the old-time customs of the clan. He loved the old Scotch songs and even to the last he was ready with his rich baritone voice to add to the music along life's highways and in the gatherings of congenial souls.

Interwoven with rollicking fun, there were moments of reaction that come to all who are on the heights, for the deep valleys and shadows intervene, when it seems as if there were no friends attuned to every mood of a great soul.

In early youth he began the study of Spanish, utilizing the hours his pals were hunting and fishing in study. He loved the solitude of the mountain and the soothing inspiration of nature. It is fitting that his best monument will be the new National Park which he established near Bar Harbor or along the Atlantic Coast and the work he did for Uncle Sam's playground.

He searched for the depths of soul in strong and vigorous men and often leaned on them—on people who did not know it and did not understand it. They helped him. Ever keen for the dramatic, his life philosophy is summed up in his expression: "There is one way to do a thing, and that is to do it."

The photograph of the lad of eighteen, taken at the time he left the Law School, with deep-set eyes, eager to start in political life, is a glimpse of the ambition of youth at floodtide. As a newspaper owner, he knew what troubles and financial worries meant in order to keep the

pay-roll going in those early days of struggle at Tacoma.

After the series of ups and downs in California, it remained for Theodore Roosevelt to bring him to Washington as a member of the Interstate



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THE LATE FRANKLIN K. LANE, while Secretary of the Interior, gave visible expression to his love of nature by his monumental work for the establishment and preservation of the National Parks as the playgrounds and beauty spots of the people. The American people owe to him a deathless debt of gratitude for his unselfish labors in preserving those great works of nature for their enjoyment

Commerce Commission. This was after he had been East and dreamed of living in Boston some day to carry on a literary career. He had also contemplated going to Japan, after his financial troubles with the launching of newspapers. In the correspondence with Roosevelt is indicated

the understanding of kindred souls. The fervor of his early admiration for Woodrow Wilson was something of the same manner of political hero worship as Abraham Lincoln had for Henry Clay, but after they came in personal contact with their idols the admiration was tempered with judgment of the sum total of results.

His address at the University of Virginia on "A Western View of Tradition," was delivered prior to his visit to Jefferson's home, Monticello, which he described in a letter written to his brother. This address brought a letter of appreciation from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Justice of the Supreme Court, indicating how his mind was then reaching the very summits of thought and world survey.

Candid and frank in his political analysis, he predicted Wilson's nomination and election in Baltimore, for his alert mind sensed the current of public thought. When it was first suggested that he should become a member of Wilson's Cabinet, he wrote his brother and Hugo K. Asher that he did not feel he could afford it, and insisted he was doing just as big work on the Interstate Commerce Commission as he could do in the Cabinet—but his personal objections were overcome. While not enamored of the distinction of a Cabinet position, he took up the work with all his might, and continued to keep in touch with the political situation in California, for that was his home and the one place where he felt he knew the people.

Even in those days he felt that the country was losing its traditional moorings, lacking philosophy and religion and drifting towards agnosticism and pleasures, neglecting the ideals associated with the birth of the Republic. He advised young men to study the cost of distribution, as he considered the economic problem the great question of the century; how to get the goods from the farm to the people, with the lowest possible expenditure of effort; how to get the manufactured product from the factory to the house with the least possible expense. He pointed out that there are too many stores, too many middlemen, too much wasted motion, and suggested substituting or reclaiming some adequate philosophy or religion for that which we have lost in common integrity to concentrate on the economic problems involved in distribution.

For seven years he applied himself to the intricate contentions between the public, the shippers and the railroads, and he made his reports glow with interest because he interpolated wholesome philosophy as he passed along. When he pronounced Woodrow Wilson a charming man to work with, but insisted that he had what they called out west "a cold nose," he was forecasting results in 1920.

In a letter to Frank Reese he declared that under the present primary system he did not believe there was any chance for a man who did not have a great deal of money to desire to be a Senator when urged to make the campaign.

While on a trip investigating the National Parks in 1913, the first symptoms of a physical breakdown appeared, but he kept right on, for he said: "What does it matter whether you live five or ten years longer, but it does matter what you finish before you pass on." When he was sweltering in Washington, with the thermometer 104 degrees because he could not let an electric fan play on his face or near him without neuralgia, he lived on his nerves, which he called a wireless system, keen to perceive, to feel, to know the things hidden to the mass.

To be known as a poet was disastrous in politics, but he maintained his temperament and

took the hazard. As preparations for the war began, we found recorded a glowing conclusion: "We have faith in ourselves but not in each other."

In a description of a Gridiron dinner, where the President made an exalted speech, he referred to Emerson's essay on "Free Will," indicating the dual nature of humans from which none seem to escape. In 1915, in a letter to William Jennings Bryan, he paid a tribute to Herbert Hoover as a man representing hope of constructive statesmanship.

One Christmas he spent working on reports all day, and he felt that he was feeling cheery because he was poor and busy and enjoyed relaxation in commenting on newspaper English. "Scientists wrote for each other, as women say they dress for each other."

One of the first orders that he issued was that letters should be written in simple English, in words of one syllable, and on one page if possible. He illustrates this by telling of finding a letter from one of the lawyers of the Department to an Indian, explaining the conditions of his title, which was so involved and elaborately braided and beaded and fringed with legal verbiage that he could not understand it himself, and he sent the letter back asking that it be put in straight-away English.

In 1916 he wrote his philosophy of business. "Waste no time in fighting people." By pursuing this policy he found he could promote best the measures he favored. "To fight for a thing, the best way is to show its advantages and the need for it, and ignore those who do not take the same view."

THERE is a touch of his poetic and dramatic genius exemplified in the ceremony and ritual he wrote to be used when admitting Indians to citizenship. No North American Indian will ever forget the ceremony which made the oath of citizenship something to revere and remember.

There is a flash of the chivalrous Franklin Lane in his letters that indicate that he had all the red-blooded, full-hearted appreciation of human kind. His little tribute to his wife is inspiring:

I am going to dinner—and before I go alone into a lonesome club, I must send a word to you. Not that I have any particular word to say, for my mind is heavy, nor that you will find in what I may say anything that will illumine the way, but why should we not talk? What! May a friend not call upon a friend in time of vacancy to listen to his idle babble?

Mt. Desert Park in Maine he picturesquely christened Lafayette Park, because it was a corner of new France, immortalizing the early friendship of nations allied in the century past and in the present war.

Following the Armistice, he could not bring himself to write upon the moral benefits of the war. He seemed to sense what was coming later. Notes on Cabinet meetings found in his letter files are illuminating even of those days when he seemed to feel that a cloud was coming, and that the succession of events would lead to but one inevitable result—his resignation.

During this time he re-read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The humor, friendliness, loneliness and greatness of Lincoln's life ever inspired him. In Chicago he lingered before the statue of Lincoln with head uncovered. The long arms, long legs, large hands and feet represented to him the physical strength of this country, its power and its youthful awkwardness. When he looked up at the head he saw

qualities which have made the American—"the strong chin, the noble brow, those sober and steadfast eyes. They were eyes that beamed with sympathy and reflected rugged common sense. They were the eyes of earnest idealism limited and checked by the possible and the practicable. They were the eyes of a truly humble spirit, whose ambition was not a love for power, but a desire to be supremely useful. They were eyes of compassion and mercy and a deep understanding. They saw far more than they looked at. They believed in far more than they saw. They loved men not for what they were, but for what they might become. They were patient eyes, eyes that could wait and wait and live on in the faith that right would win. They were eyes which challenged the nobler things in men and brought out the hidden largeness. They were humorous eyes that saw things in their true proportions and in their real relationships."

The eloquence expressed in this tribute reveals the soul of a poet and patriot. "To believe in Lincoln is to learn to look through Lincoln's eyes. They looked through cant and pretense and the great and little vanities of great and little men. They were the eyes of unflinching courage and an unflinching faith rising out of a sincere dependence upon the Master of the universe. They shone forth like beacon lights, the radiance of an honest heart."

THE tragic climax of his life's close are the letters written at the hospital in Minnesota, in which he records impressions of the last days of his life, clearly described in the surroundings of one hundred and fifty physicians.

On the approach of death his appeal sounds out a clarion note of command—work, work, work as the one solution! "It is the order of One Supreme. It keeps us from being foolish and doing as fools do. It is needed for the mastery of the world that has its destiny written, as surely as we have ours. It is a chain and a pair of wings; it binds and it releases. It is the master of the creature and the tool of the Creator. It is hell, and it lifts us out of hell into heaven. It was not known in Paradise, but there could be no Paradise without it. A curse and a Savior! Our life-term sentence and the one plan of salvation! Work—for the weary, the wasted and the worn. Work—for the joyous, the hopeful, the serene. Work—for the benevolent and the malevolent, the just, the cruel, the thoughtful, and the unheeding. Work—for things that life needs, for things that are illusions, for dead sea fruit, for ashes and work, for a look at the stars, for the sense of things made happier for many men, for the lifting of loads from tired backs, for the smile of a tender girl, for the soft touch of a grateful mother, for the promise it brings to the boy of one's hopes. Work! Why work? It is the order of One Supreme."

From his death bed he sent messages of good cheer and hope while in the valley of the shadows. In those closing hours came that wonderful, inspiring last message:

And if I had passed into that other land, whom would I have sought—and what should I have done?

With that pencil, tremulously he drew a picture of his beloved Sierras and looked among them for the mighty peaks for those who have passed on before. He finds his heart's content with prospects in that new land, where he could walk with Lincoln along a river bank:

I know I could understand him. I would not have to learn who were his friends and who his enemies, what theories he was committed to, and what

Governing a City on Business Lines

Mayor Thomas of Chicago Heights governs the city as he runs his business—along the lines of efficiency and economy

IT is an encouraging sign to see a big manufacturer filling the Mayor's chair in a busy and progressive city, for it indicates that business is making encroachments into the domain of politics.

When a city is favored with a strictly business administration there is a possibility of securing complete harmony; when it is governed solely by the politicians little can be expected except discord. In the state of harmony there dwells perpetuity, stability and happiness, and conversely, in discord there lies instability, confusion and despair.

Municipal harmony is the attuned relation of the governing parts forming a complete and effective whole.

There are many American cities today experiencing the benefits of efficient executive direction. Big business men have come to realize that municipal office should no longer be shunned because of possible criticism or misrepresentation, for the bold fact has asserted itself that in every community there are enough fair-minded people who will give credit when credit is due, and in the final analysis these are the only men whose opinions count.

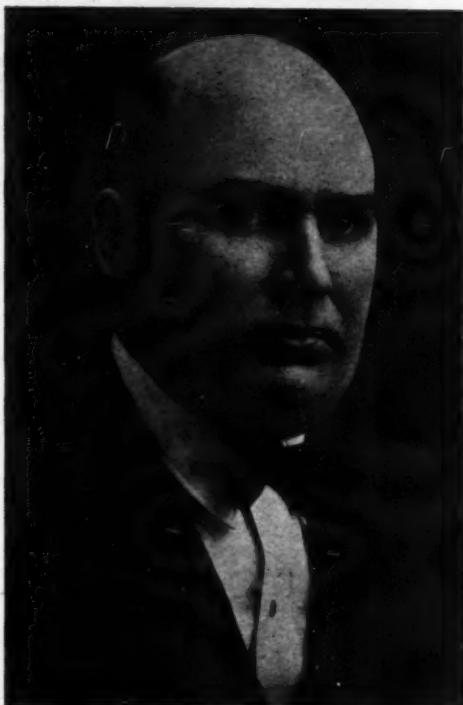
It has been a common sentiment that municipal government is a failure; that inefficiency and graft are the dominating factors in municipal management. There is no doubt but that incompetence and corruption have often been disheartening to good citizens. There is a gleam of light, when the successful manufacturer is willing to accept office, for it is safe to say that the administration of affairs will be conducted along business lines.

The busy manufacturing city of Chicago Heights, Illinois, is now enjoying the advantages of a practical business administration. One of its biggest manufacturers is sitting in the executive chair. Mayor J. E. Thomas is secretary-treasurer of the Canedy Otto Manufacturing Company, a corporation employing four hundred men. His brother Charles is president of the corporation and the two brothers frequently consult regarding matters of municipal policy.

It was not the emoluments of office that induced Mr. Thomas to accept the nomination for mayor, for his income from the corporation of which he is secretary and treasurer, and from other investments, is more than ample to meet all family and personal requirements. It was the desire to give the people an economical, yet progressive and practical administration of municipal affairs.

Fortunately Mayor Thomas is surrounded by competent men as commissioners and executives of the various departments of city government, so that there is complete harmony in the administration of governmental matters.

A stream never rises any higher than its source, nor can a city administration be of a higher type than the character of its executive head. If the Mayor is weak and vacillating—



MAYOR J. E. THOMAS of Chicago Heights believes that the affairs of a city should be administered on business principles—and demonstrates his belief to the entire satisfaction of its citizens. Making city hall a business office rather than a political headquarters may be a radical innovation, but Mayor Thomas is getting away with it

if his business experience has been a failure, it is useless to expect a good administration or anything that approaches competency and satisfaction.

EVERY prominent resident of Chicago Heights, and in fact in many parts of Northern Illinois, has known "Jack" Thomas for years. He has been identified with the manufacturing affairs of the district for quarter of a century and commercial credit agencies list his corporation as A A 1.

In this family the word of a Thomas is as good as a Thomas bond. The golden rule in business has always been a Thomas ideal, and as manufacturers and business men they have won success under the banner of strict integrity.

It was not expected that infallibility would crown the work of this manufacturer when he took the reign of office; but it was certain that every proposition or recommendation would be viewed from a business standpoint before conclusions were reached and final action taken.

Political expediency sometimes comes into conflict with business prudence. There are times when continuation in office is best assured by

pandering to the wishes of some influential clique or sect. These influences, however, do not swerve Mayor Thomas from conscientious action in the interest of the people in general. He represents the entire citizenship and not any political branch or faction.

Mayor Thomas is keenly alive to public affairs, and exerts no small influence in the shaping of public policies. He is courteous and kind to everybody and possesses that good old trait of his Welsh ancestors to consider the rights of his fellowmen at all times.

He invites just criticism and constructive suggestions in matters pertaining to the management of municipal affairs, and removes errors with the utmost alacrity when they are discovered; in fact his chief concern is the welfare of the community which he is trying his best to serve.

Mayor Thomas believes that a certificate of the city's character is written in the city streets; for the streets are the symbols of the city's life. Hence, Chicago Heights is said to be the best paved city with the most cleanly kept streets in the Middle West today.

Health, he says must be spelled in Capitals, meaning physical, economic and commercial health. Life and property must be protected by adequate fire and police departments. Community life must not be negative.

IT is a fact that in many places a great deal of effort is being expended in combatting grafters, lame ducks, parasites and tax dodgers. In Chicago Heights the community talent is being freed for affirmative action; the negative spirit is thus minimized.

The scientific administration of the American city is an achievement for the twentieth century. The fathers of the republic made no provision in the constitution for the smaller city government. The consequence was that cities were free to experiment with different forms of government, which they did with wild abandon until the nineteenth century.

The insignificance of the functions to be performed; the absence of precedents, and the growing reverence for the Federal Constitution misled many cities into imitation of its principles. A document founded on foreign theories of government, and absolutely aristocratic in its purpose was used as a model for the democratic administration of cities. Failure was inevitable, and American cities experienced a century of experiments with the growing power of the boss before discovering the fallacy of the systems that had been adopted.

Today, no one searches the almost forgotten past for models for municipal guidance. It is realized that architecture and beauty alone cannot assure happiness and success. There must be other factors of importance in order to satisfy the people.

Pericles, five hundred years before the Chris-

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Having nothing but each other, they cling all the closer together



Mothers and children at Samsoun on the Black Sea, waiting for transportation to Greece



A fatherless family in Constantinople trying to think out the future



Ex-Governor Allen of Kansas visiting a refugee camp where mothers and children have been fed and clothed by the Near East Relief through the generosity of America



Bishop Shipman blessing a cargo of food being sent from America to relieve acute distress in Greece and Turkey by the Near East Relief on the S.S. "Sabotawan"

Mending Broken Families

Near East Relief bringing security, happiness and love into the lives of thousands of lost and unhappy children—little derelicts, rudderless and adrift on the rough and perilous sea of life

By MABELL S. C. SMITH

ON the walls of the old Royal Palace in Athens are posted long lists of names of Ottoman, Greek, and Armenian refugees with their present whereabouts. All day long crowds stand before them running patient fingers down the columns. Thalia Haloulos, heart-sick but persistent, turns away with tear-laden eyes from a fruitless search for her missing daughter. Little Nicholas Pappas gives a yell of delight as he realizes that his long search for his grandfather is ended.

Inside the palace an American is devoting himself to bringing together scattered families. In the refugee camps outside the city and in similar camps in Syria, the "grapevine telegraph" is always circulating the news of comings and goings, rumors of little Dikran's having been seen somewhere, or of Aunt Amina's arrival somewhere else, or of Cousin Helena's safety with friends from some neighboring village. Jennings, known as the American "Admiral of the Relief Navy" at Smyrna, picked up seven hundred stray children at Ordu and found the relatives of four hundred.

There is rejoicing when these dispersed groups are brought together, but even these reunions do not entirely mend broken families. A mother may have recovered her children, but her husband is breaking his heart in a labor gang of the Turkish army in Anatolia; Dikran may have found his Aunt Amina, but he can never find his father and mother.

Yet there is no question of the greater happiness of the children in these families over those in the orphanages. It is the same the world over. The child who has a "home," however inadequate, has a something of love, of individual attention that the institution child must always lack, however consecrated and ardent the institution workers.

How are these broken families to be supported? With the natural bread-winners killed or kept in servitude, with the mothers finding it almost impossible to leave the babies alone, and with employment so scarce in any case as to be almost negligible, how is it possible to preserve even this poor semblance of home?

Here Near East Relief, the organization chartered by Congress to relieve the distress of the stricken Near Eastern people, steps in to aid. For example, for several years before the relief work was evacuated from Constantinople, a

Day Nursery helped to solve the problem of keeping alive babies who starved if their mothers were not fed, and mothers who would starve if they could not go out to work. There were also some three thousand refugee women with small children who were paid for the making of lace and handkerchiefs sums sufficient to give them and their little ones a living. Relief workers visited the homes to make sure that the undernourished youngsters were getting proper rations.

Since Smyrna and the subsequent deportations from Asiatic Turkey, Near East orphans have been massed in Greece and the islands of the Aegean, in Syria and Palestine and in the Caucasus. In some respects the problem of their care is simplified, for they are under friendly governments, but a great problem arises out of the need of establishing not only adequate shelter, but schools enough and industrial departments. This difficulty especially affects the children of the broken families. The feeding can be managed. In addition to supervision of the little households, groups of undernourished children are in some places—Tiflis, for instance—gathered daily for an extra meal of cocoa and soup. But the difficulties of schooling and industrial training remain to be solved. Local schools, when there are any, will receive a new grist of pupils; local industries may take apprentices

and local farmers, helpers. Near East Relief orphan schools and industrial departments will have an accession of day scholars.

However all that may work out, the main thing is to keep as many as possible of these children who have survived massacre and starvation and heartbreak, in families—"broken" though they be—where "somebody takes an interest." Relief workers tell of one boy who is known to have wandered for three years hunting for just that. He started at Trebizond on the Black Sea a mere baby of four, but impressed with the fact that somewhere there were Americans who took care of children, and arrived at Diarbekir, three hundred miles away, three years later, seven years old and a self-sufficing little man, except that he still wanted to be taken care of—to feel that he had a place in the world, that "somebody took an interest."

It is this human yearning for love, the thing bigger than life, that Near East Relief is trying to meet in its work with broken families and in its adoption service, carefully carried on in Athens. To tens of thousands of unhappy little derelicts it has given the sense of security and the happiness of having a real home and the love that goes with it. It is the privilege of Americans, the people in today's world who are most secure and most happy, to mend hundreds of these broken families and give to their members the security and happiness they have themselves.

We, here in America, the land of plenty, can bring joy to the hearts of thousands.



THE BULLETIN BOARD on the wall of the old Royal Palace in Athens, where are listed the names and whereabouts of hundreds of refugees. All day searchers for lost loved ones stand before it, running patient fingers down the columns

Plays Produced by the Voice of the Air

To thousands of homes throughout the land the magic of the radio brings each night its offering of music, song and story—linking the most remote farm house with the outside world

THERE seems to be no limit to the development of Radio. Recently, at the Medford Hillside Broadcasting Station, near Boston, I witnessed a drama being broadcasted under the direction of Herbert D. Miller, who has given a great deal of study to this character of work.

The Amrad institution is the oldest broadcasting station now operating on a regular nightly program basis, having been in operation for more than two years. In reviewing the ground that has been covered by this station there is great promise for the future of radio broadcasting, providing it is kept free from commercialism. It provides the means for the dissemination of uplifting ideals, and in this way is subtly raising the educational standard of the world. It is bringing us closer to the great Americans—the great speakers and singers. It is looked upon as one of the instruments that will forever banish war and those things that come through ignorance and superstition.

The Medford Hillside Station has certain distinct elements in its plan of operation, the first of which is the emphasizing of the human equation in its relation to achievement. From the announcers to the artists who perform, a feeling of the utmost cordiality and informality rules. To assist the artists by giving them some idea of the kind of people who are listening in, Amrad arranges from time to time to have a small audience in the studio, picked at random from the listeners in, and these often bring a heterogeneous lot of laborers, professional men, women and children. The audience listening to an artist by radio is not a picked one. Its audience numbers thousands of people, and within certain limits they have to listen to Amrad or to nothing. They represent all walks of life. They may not be interested in the particular artist who is entertaining, and would much rather hear something else. This leads to the varied program which is put on, including classical, semi-classical, popular, secular and sacred music. Sprinkled through this combination is story telling and broadcasting jokes, supplied in large part by the radio audience.

THE slogan, Amrad, the Voice of the Air, which seemed presumptuous to many when it was adopted, has been greatly misunderstood. It was not their intention to imply par excellence as compared with other stations. It meant that Amrad was the mouthpiece of the citizens of the world. Amrad has no bias. Jews, Gentiles, Turks, Russians, Slavs, Poles, Chinese, all races, all denominations, all interests, have an opportunity to put their views onto the air—and they fall like the gentle rain wherever they will. Those which are most fit to live will live and thrive. In this way Amrad hopes to raise the average of education to a much higher level.

The walls of the studio itself are draped, and the ceiling and floor are covered to prevent vibra-



HERBERT DWIGHT MILLER, director of "Amrad" Broadcasting Station WGI at Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, is known to thousands of Radio fans throughout New England as H. D. M., the popular announcer whose voice is listened for with expectancy

tion and echoes. The unwise director will permit artists to say it is difficult to sing in a room of this sort. This need not be true, for if the artists sing softly in a well-modulated voice no straining results and the utmost ease follows. The microphones are the electrical ears which receive the voice or music vibrations and relay them to the transmitter, which, in turn, casts them forth onto the night air from the antenna wire.

The time will come when people will pay for this class of entertainment, but just how this will be worked out no one seems to know. Artists will be paid a fair price for the work which they are now freely and generously giving at broadcasting stations, and the time will come when broadcasting stations will be on a self-supporting basis instead of operating at a tremendous loss.

Herbert Dwight Miller, who has charge of the program at Medford Hillside, insists he cannot see how radio broadcasting can materially injure

any other activity with the same objective. Some thought at one time that the church would suffer because of it, but the reverse has proved to be true. It will never compete with the telephone service, for it stands alone, the main reason being that suggested by the term "broadcasting," which means non-selectivity. It has the freedom of the air and will be used for entirely different purposes from which the telephone, newspaper and theater are used. It may add another complexity to civilization, but it only meets the necessities of the tremendous growth of population and development.

MR. MILLER is known by his initials, H. D. M. He is a graduate of Tufts College and since the war has been an instructor in English at that educational institution. He is the proud parent of a wee little girl of eight months, who has broadcasted over the microphone, probably the youngest individual who has performed this feat.

H. D. M. has a hobby of asking questions that appertain to broadcasting. His ambition is to create worthwhile fiction and the right sort of public sentiment through writing of various sorts. He enjoys the distinction of having written and produced the first radio drama. At one time he had thought of the stage but, as he says, "The stage thought less of me, so we didn't get together." He is interested in education by experience. He does not emphasize the "rule or thumb" over theoretical practice, but he holds to a middle course which incorporates the two.

Mr. Miller organized the Tufts Ambulance Unit which was inducted into the French Motor Transport Service at the outbreak of the war and received an honorable discharge following severe illness and shell-shock. The vigor and vitality with which he has taken up radio broadcasting has made his work in comedy and drama of widespread interest. His company sit about in the broadcasting room, each reading as well as playing their part. Even as they stand before the microphone reading their parts they use the gestures and actions that are suited to the words. There is an intonation that he is seeking to impress upon his players. It seems like the old-time dramatic process where they sat around the stage and read their parts all aglow with the spirit of the play.

It brings to mind the simplicity of the drama in Shakespeare's time—when the scenery was imaginative—when the actors would say: "This is a house," or "this is a castle," and yet the very words of Shakespeare carried the play. Now you can see a play without eyes. What a boon for the blind and what a great opportunity for those in isolated sections who can now hear the thrilling intonations of Shakespeare's lines as spoken by some great actor just as it is spoken on the stage behind the glory of the foot-lights.

Sitting about, perhaps in a darkened room, the listeners hear a voice coming out of the darkness, impelling the use of the imagination. It gives

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By Appointment, Photographer to the Great

Pirie MacDonald, master photographer, fixes the very souls of his sitters upon the photographic plate. With him, photography ceases to be an art, and becomes a science

TO be a master of men before the camera is the distinction that belongs to Pirie MacDonald. There is a simple sign on Fifth Avenue, New York, which indicates his studio. The pass mark is there—nothing less than fifty dollars. You can get a half dozen for that, or only one, according to your fancy. He only makes photographs of men. Nothing can lure him to have the winsomeness of femininity portrayed in his studio. For forty years he has been a photographer. Thirty years of that time he worked for the love of the work, "poorer than Lazarus," says he. Then he began to make money because he made photographs superlatively. The character of Pirie MacDonald is reflected in his work. He was the first to establish a code of ethics among photographers.

His frequent addresses ring true with the sincerity and accuracy of his photographs. He plays all the cards. Some people play forty-eight, others fifty, or fifty-one—but Pirie MacDonald plays every card in the deck in his work and plays the game of life according to the rules.

During the war he did not increase his prices. He continued to make photographs. On Armistice Day he raised his prices. When prices began falling and deflation set in, he just let them stay where they were, all of which proves that Pirie MacDonald makes pictures that have a following that is not susceptible to the barometer of trade. His studio itself is a show place. He has a collection of thousands of portraits of eminent men. At one time or other they all go to Pirie MacDonald when they want a real photograph. He is the Roosevelt of the photographic profession, and has the same thrill and intensity of Roosevelt in his work.

The walls of his studio are covered with photographs and they seem as long as the corridors in the Vatican—a veritable hall of fame. A secret door in a side wall is camouflaged with photographs. He works fast and allows no one in the room with him. He adjusts his lights and poses, or rather finds the natural mood and lets the subject pose himself, then with his keen eyes he looks over to the right of the camera and then dodges underneath the lens to the left. With the little bulb in his hand, he just pulls out the expression he is looking for. It may be a twinkle, it may be a flash—but he gets it. His picture of Irvin Cobb is looked upon as a classic. A picture by Pirie MacDonald has the hall mark of distinction in photography. He just studies men—their every mood and facial expression.

For fifteen years he made pictures of women—then decided to concentrate on men, for he found he understood men better.

Pirie MacDonald does not tolerate anything but the standard. He lives up to the code of ethics which he has given to his craft. He has been active in Rotary and other organizations. Anything that concerns men interests him.

I found him reading a letter from his daughter, who has won fame and distinction in her "job"

as a singer. She had just been commanded to sing to the King and Queen of Rumania, and his joy over her triumph was good to see. Her work is the interpretation of old folk songs of various countries, and is a true daughter of her father, for she gets to the very heart of things. She looks like him too—and he calls her "Pat." That name of "Pirie" has the flavor of Scotch

heather, but with a little waxed mustache he looks like a French count. He has an expressive, decisive way of talking, in short sentences: "I lived a long time on skimmed milk, and now I am churning the cream."

Whether it is a potentate, prince, king, an ordinary printer or a Rotarian, Pirie MacDonald finds his interest in human nature. He is, first

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PIRIE MACDONALD—PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN

Sidelights on the Coal Situation

In an interview, J. C. Brydon, president of the National Coal Association, explains that transportation and labor are the two big factors in the problem of our coal supply

YOU ask me," Mr. Brydon retorted in his quick, emphatic way, "what is the matter with the bituminous coal industry today?"

Mr. Brydon and the interviewer were seated in Mr. Brydon's little office in the town of Somerset, in the Allegheny Mountains, near which his mining interests are located. It was here that the writer—unable to gain his attention in Washington—had followed him, in the hope of finally learning his views.

"Briefly," he continued, after a thoughtful pause, wheeling suddenly in his chair, "the bituminous coal industry is a sick man, with two major diseases: lack of adequate transportation, and labor troubles artificially provoked."

"What about the over-expansion of the industry?"

He shrugged.

"How could that increase the price of coal to the consumer? It would tend to lower it, through stimulating competition between operators. In fact, that is just the effect it does have. The public reaps the benefit."

"Well, then—what about the big consumer's habit of ordering coal only during the rush season? Doesn't that tend to increase congestion?"

"Decidedly. It is a serious factor, which needs attention and correction." He was silent for a moment. "But even let us suppose the big consumer should give us plenty of notice—order his coal well in advance of consumption; the good effect on the industry would be lost if we lacked railroad cars in which to transport the coal, or labor with which to mine it. Advance orders, without workmen or facilities for transportation, would not do much towards solving the country's bituminous coal problem."

"Then the whole question may be boiled down roughly, to a matter of transportation and of labor?"

Mr. Brydon nodded.

"What solution would you suggest for the problem of transportation?"

He hesitated.

"That is a large question, and it is hardly within my province to answer it. I believe, however, that a study should be made of the transportation systems of the country, with respect to the amount of trackage, the character and adequacy of rolling stock and the effect of these upon the movement of coal from mine to market. And the roads should be allowed sufficient freedom, independence and revenue with which to obtain the money for additional carriers, being regulated only to the extent necessary to insure proper distribution of these."

"And the other matter, Mr. Brydon—the problem of labor in the bituminous coal mines?"

He sprang up from his chair and began to pace the floor.

"That," he said finally, pausing, "is by far the larger problem of the two. It might be called the cancer of the bituminous coal industry. And



JOHN C. BRYDON, the newly-elected president of the National Coal Association and chairman of the Bituminous Operators' Special Committee, co-operating with the United States Coal Commission

until it is healed, the industry cannot function normally."

"You mean—that the high wages of labor are increasing the cost of mining the coal, and so increasing the price the public has to pay for it?"

"Yes, I mean that partly. Miners' wages are higher today than at any time heretofore, even during the war. There has been no deflation of wages in this industry. Miners' wages have mounted steadily since the war until today the miner is being paid three or four times as much as unskilled labor in any other field. And the high wages prevailing have attracted to the industry some 200,000 superfluous men, with the result that since all of these cannot possibly obtain employment at full time, an endeavor is being made by the union to force on the operators

the six-hour day and the five-day week, thus supporting in the industry these 200,000 men who are not needed."

"So that their dues may swell the union's annual budget?"

"Exactly."

Here Mr. Brydon dropped into his chair and leaned forward earnestly.

"But if high wages were the only labor difficulty, the situation would be comparatively simple. As a matter of fact, the trouble goes much deeper than that. It is the constant striking—on the flimsiest of excuses and without regard for contracts—which today is crippling the industry; that and the determination of organized mine labor to unionize all mines, meantime interfering in every way possible with the operation of non-union mines. The bituminous coal industry is in the clutch of a union—The United Mine Workers of America, an organization 700,000 strong, with a yearly income, due to the vicious check-off system, of approximately \$15,000,000. It is a vast labor monopoly, unlike anything our country has ever known."

"You regard it as a menace?"

"A menace!" Mr. Brydon gave a short laugh. "By calling a national strike, this organization can paralyze instantly sixty per cent of the country's bituminous coal production. And this is a power it has not hesitated to use, hampering, in addition, the non-union mines and thus placing the country almost wholly at its mercy. You ask me if it is a menace? Recall 1922, and answer the question for yourself."

"Is there no curb placed upon such a monopoly by law?"

"None in practice. Of course it should be made to incorporate, and account for the expenditure of that \$15,000,000 a year which it compels the operators to take from the union men's pay envelopes and hand over. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law should be enforced as to such labor monopolies and to combinations of capital that threaten public interest." Mr. Brydon wheeled in sudden emphasis. "As a nation, we have protected the public from exploitation by capital. But labor is free to plunder all it likes. You can imagine how quickly the public would demand protection from such a monopoly among coal operators."

"It is rumored, Mr. Brydon, that this union advocates nationalization of bituminous coal mines—that that is its fixed policy and aim. Is this true? And what do you think of the idea?"

He looked up quickly.

"The leaders of that organization contradict themselves from time to time. But I can only point to the statement of their President, Mr. John L. Lewis, during the hearings of March and April, 1922, before the Committee on Labor. Pardon me a moment; I have the government report here somewhere." Pulling open a drawer, Mr. Brydon drew out the book, and read as

follows: "The United Mine Workers believe in the nationalization of coal mines . . . !" He closed the book with a snap and returned it to his drawer.

"As for my opinion of the nationalization of mines. . . ." He threw out his hands. "More plums for labor, that's all—just as happened in the railroad fiasco. However—" He selected a book from among those standing in a rack on his desk—"my opinion is of no particular importance on this subject. I would rather refer you to Mr. Hurley, who undoubtedly is in a position to know more about it than any man in the country. Mr. Hurley has this to say of the costly Shipping Board experiment: 'The Federal Government's ventures in the field of public management of industrial and public service enterprises, demonstrated conclusively that not more than fifty per cent personal efficiency can be obtained under such management.'"

Closing the book, Mr. Brydon leaned back in his chair.

"It is understood, Mr. Brydon, that you are a strong believer in the non-union mine, and in direct co-operation between employer and employee?"

"I am. And I speak from experience. I've been handling mine labor all my life. You might say I was born and raised in the coal business. My father was an operator for thirty-five years. And when I was twenty-one years old, I was superintendent of three mines with six hundred coke ovens and eighteen hundred men. In later years, as general manager and operating president of a coal company, I had charge of more than forty-five hundred men."

He rose and commenced to pace the floor.

"I know the bituminous coal business from the bottom up. I know the men, and how they are apt to react to any given situation. I know the right and wrong of their claims. I have tried to play fair with them always; and they have played fair with me. My arrangement with them has always been so planned that it would be a mutual protection."

"Will you tell something about your labor experiment here in Somerset County, Mr. Brydon?"

He looked around quickly, with a touch of impatience.

"Why will the press insist on calling our harmonious labor conditions here in Somerset the 'Somerset Experiment'?" he demanded. "The effort ceased years ago to be an experiment, and became solid fact. In about nineteen years we have had just two real strikes in Somerset County—the one of 1904 and the strike of 1922; and the latter, being a national strike, had nothing to do with local conditions. In the 1922 strike, by the way, not one per cent of the American miners in Somerset County went out; it was the foreign element that struck. And as I have just said, being merely a national strike, it was not an indication of local discontent."

* * *

WHEN you first came to Somerset County, Mr. Brydon, was the county chiefly non-union, as it is today?"

"No. When I first came here in 1902 from West Virginia, to assume the general management of what was then the Somerset Coal Company, I found the county seventy-five per cent union. The district was being torn with labor troubles. From the spring of 1902 to December, 1903, we had a succession of petty strikes, and there was little I could do but study the trouble. In December, however, market conditions made

a wage reduction imperative; the union resisted, and a strike was called. We had a big fight on our hands, and there were some exciting times."

He laughed.

"I was hung and burned in effigy all over the county that year. And the night I was married—I was married right here in this town—there was a plan afoot to shoot me as I left the church. I did not know this. But my brother, hearing about it, shoved himself out in front of me, without explaining—to protect me. No shot was fired, however. I suppose someone lost his nerve at the last moment."

"You won out in your fight, Mr. Brydon?"

"Yes. We won. By April 1, sixty per cent of the county had become non-union, and most of the remaining forty per cent became so shortly after. Today Somerset County is known as chiefly non-union—a district with few labor troubles, good working and living conditions, and many contented workers."

He added hastily:

"This does not mean that we are altogether free from labor difficulties. The union agitator is always with us, exhorting the men, sowing the seeds of discontent, persuading groups to join the union, go on strike, leave their comfortable homes in the towns and 'camp out' in some tent or shack off company property, there to aid in the business of fomenting dissatisfaction and violence. Every morning, here at this office, reports come to my staff from the different districts in which the properties of our company—the Quemahoning Creek Coal Company—are located, telling us of violence or attempted intimidation. These attacks are always cowardly, being the dynamiting of a miner's home, or a shot at him in the dark as he passes along a lonely road, or the blowing up of a railroad car or company building.

"What effect does this violence have?"

"Different effects. Some of the men become frightened, and move away or join the union. But for the most part, the efforts are futile. They keep us on edge, however, and naturally they do not facilitate the mining of bituminous coal. Yet our troubles here are only a faint echo of the grave labor troubles in other coal fields. The non-union mine, for instance, operating in a chiefly union district, is the target for interference of every sort. And even the operator of a union mine in a union district has his hands full, for the miners will strike on the most absurd pretexts, utterly disregarding their contracts. I have here somewhere—"

He stopped beside his desk, rummaged through a pile of papers, and took from among them a small report setting forth the strike history of District No. 14 of Kansas.

"Let me read you from this, just at random, the reasons for a few of the myriad strikes that closed certain mines in that district—sometimes for many days, thus helping to paralyze coal production during the years 1916, 1917, 1918, and 1919. Here—'cold wash house'; 'no cause given'; 'striking in sympathy with No. 2 Mine'; 'no grievance, men refused to work'; 'account of a fight between a driver and a digger'; 'drivers demanded two hours' pay, mine worked twenty minutes'; 'men did not want to work'; 'demanded removal of superintendent because superintendent worked'; 'dispute over lockers in wash house'; 'wash house too dark'; 'wash house too cold'; 'men refused to work, giving no reason'; 'men went home account of cold weather'; 'wash house too hot'; 'wash house too cold'; 'men demanded 50 cents over contract price'; 'wash house not satisfactory, no cause given';

'men went on picnic'; 'men not satisfied with road leading to mines, wanted it graded for the miners' automobiles'; 'disagreed among selves, no cause given'; 'men stayed at home, afraid of influenza'; 'light in wash house turned on five minutes late'; 'refused to catch mules, too muddy'; 'wanted ice water, thermometer at 34 degrees'; 'lame mule.'"

Tossing the book aside with a laugh, in which the writer was obliged to join, Mr. Brydon recommenced his thoughtful pacing.

Suddenly he paused, his eyes twinkling.

"That lame mule excuse reminds me of a case that came under my personal observation several years ago. It was not a mine I had any interest in; but I knew the operators very well. It was a case of the men striking every few days for some mysterious reason, without explanation of their behavior, thus practically paralyzing the business. Efforts were made to discover the reason; but all anyone knew was that the men would gather at the drift opening, watch the mules pass in, and—depending on some mysterious event—either go in to their day's work, or else go home in a body. At last the mystery was solved. It seems there was an old roan mule—a balky beast—who had once had her ears singed on the overhead insulation. On certain days, forgetting this, she would march obediently into the mine. On others—remembering it—she would throw back her ears, and balk, presenting a picture of terror. The men, practically all superstitious foreigners, had taken this as a sign of superior wisdom, a warning as to their safety. So it was that old roan mule who was causing the shortage of bituminous coal in that particular locality!"

* * *

BUT—"the interviewer cut in, "I thought the contract with the union miner provided that, pending a settlement of any dispute, the mine should continue in operation, and all miners should remain at work?"

"It does! But no attention is being paid to contracts these days by the union miner. Even nationally the union is not keeping faith with the operators—with the public. And the national officers are allowing the local committees to violate any agreements they choose. You see, unlike the early days of its origin, when its basis was the decent ideal of protection for the men and of contracts honorably kept, the union has become a nest of politicians and office seekers using the men for their own ends rather than using their abilities in the interests of the men."

"Then, Mr. Brydon, from the viewpoint not only of the operator, but of the miner as well, you consider membership in the union a disadvantage?"

"I do. It utterly destroys the miner's individual initiative. It makes him contemptuous of law, inculcating in him the idea that he owes an allegiance to the union that is paramount to that which he owes the country. It forces him to drop his work, like an automaton, at the command of a national leader perhaps a thousand miles away, for some issue that does not affect his own working conditions in the least—to drop his work and force his family to face weeks, perhaps months, of hardship and poverty. It uses him for the political advancement of the leaders of the organization. It is a steady drain on his pay envelope; and he seldom knows how the money is spent. So much for the worker."

"As an operator, I object to the union—this particular union—because it is an autocratic monopoly by labor of a basic industry. It is a

menace to the democracy. I object to it because, although in its early years it kept its contracts honorably, of late years it has utterly disregarded them; and surely no contract is worth a fig where there is responsibility on the operators' side and none on the employees'. I object to it because it robs the operator of the opportunity to get close to his men and work out his own problem in his own district, compelling him to shut down due to causes wholly unrelated to his locality.

"Where there is no union to impose its arbitrary rulings on the men, I have discovered from my own experience that employer and employee are left free to contract together under proper economic conditions and not those artificially created by a labor monopoly. This co-operation breeds a different spirit, a mutual understanding and good will impossible where the union holds sway."

BUT do all operators, Mr. Brydon, show the men the consideration—the friendly interest and co-operation—you and your organization stand for?"

"Possibly not. No doubt in the past there were abuses and bad conditions tolerated in many mining districts. But these are largely a thing of the past. The first concern of the present-day operator of intelligence is the welfare of his workers—the drainage and housing, the comfort and convenience of his camps. Of course there is a limit to the expenditures he can make, the bituminous coal business being a highly competitive one with small margins and great risks. And some of the standards demanded by union leaders are simply absurd. For instance, in his statement before the Committee on Labor in the Spring of 1922—the same one I quoted from a little while ago—Mr. Lewis offered as the standard of living for the ordinary unskilled workman with an average family, a 'comfortable house of at least six rooms.'

"Now that is beyond reason. How many city families of the status of a miner's family would expect to occupy an apartment of six rooms? Our company, for instance, takes this matter of housing its employees very seriously; and every penny that can be put into housing is so invested. We build two-story houses of three or four rooms, which we rent for a very small sum per month; we keep our towns sanitary; we provide recreation centers, and well-equipped hospitals or dispensaries where miners and their families can obtain care for a small annual fee; we make every effort within reason to keep our employees comfortable and happy. And so far we have been successful. As have other progressive companies in this county. Visit any of our non-union mining towns here in Somerset, and you will find happy; contented people.

"You know, there is a lot of bunk—misleading sentimental pathos—being spread abroad continually by those who would win the public's sympathy for the miner and who at the same time are deliberately blinding the public to the real facts about the job of mining bituminous coal."

"You are referring," the interviewer interrupted, "to the popular idea that coal mining is a most hazardous industry?"

"Yes, that and other absurdities. Let me quote from Mr. Lewis again . . ."

He picked up the volume of "Hearings before the Committee on Labor," and read the following: "Believing that those whose lot it is to toil within the earth's recesses, surrounded by peculiar dangers and deprived of sunlight and pure air . . ."

He gave a wry smile as he laid the book aside. "Recently bituminous coal mining was listed as 26 among 35 industries from the viewpoint of hazard. That for the 'peculiar dangers.' As for the air, it is today excellent in most of our coal mines; the temperature is even and pleasant, the same summer and winter; and the average miner's hours are so short nowadays, especially because of labor troubles and the shortage of railroad flats, that he is having about all the sunlight he wants! On the whole, he's a pretty contented, prosperous individual. Do you know what has been an acute problem up here lately?"

Mr. Brydon wheeled with a quizzical smile. "What?" the interviewer asked.

"Building big enough community garages to house the men's cars. They really haven't any place to put their cars while they're at work. It's rather pitiful, isn't it?"

He added after a moment, with a chuckle:

"Toiling in the earth's recesses, eh?" Do you know what would be the worst punishment you could hand out to these boys up here?"

"What?"

"Putting them on a farm to pitch hay, in the blazing sun. They'd rather go to jail."

"And speaking of jail," the interviewer concluded, as Mr. Brydon looked at his watch and prepared to excuse himself. "Have you ever had to appeal to state or county authority for assistance in handling your labor clashes? Or have you always depended on your men?"

"I have always depended on my men to stand by me, and have worked the problem out with their aid—except once. Once I was over-persuaded. I appealed to constituted authority for help in defending a mine that was to be attacked."

His eyes were twinkling, and the corners of his mouth twitching.

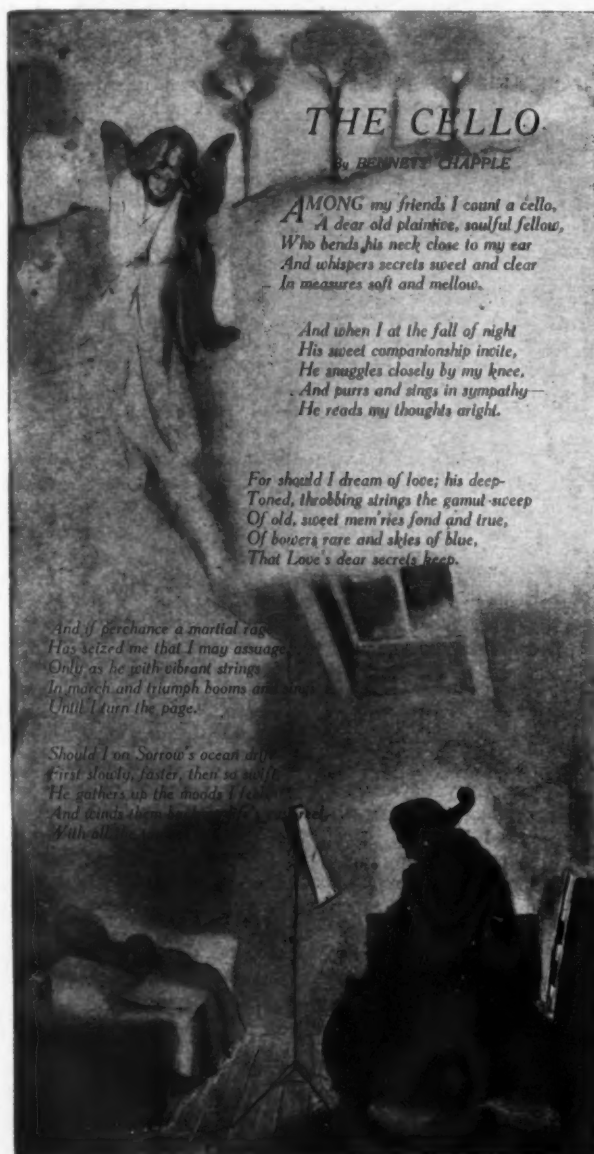
"It was when I was a youngster, and hot-headed, though I was a manager at the time, with a valuable mine to look out for. We were non-union, of course, and for weeks the union had been making it pretty hot for us, attacking individual workmen when they strayed beyond bounds, and trying to wreck the mine.

"Well, one day we got word that a party was going to march up there that night, surprise us, and clean things up. So I called the boys and armed them, and we went on guard. I saw no sense in appealing to the sheriff to direct us; but some cooler, wiser heads than I advised it strongly, urging that we needed his moral support and his leadership. So I consented, and he came.

"We were all gathered there before the mine, right near the track, when the enemy came—a lot of armed men who marched up the track towards us. We planned, if they set foot over the track on our side, to begin the defense. But evidently they hadn't expected us to be ready, for they seemed confused. They hesitated, then marched right past us up the track, stopping at a little distance to pow-pow. Pretty soon they came back. But nothing happened. I never knew why. I suppose we were a murderous looking lot, standing there. Anyhow they marched right on down the track with slow and measured step, past us, and out of sight.

"It wasn't till then somebody thought of the sheriff. We'd forgotten him in the excitement. Now we remembered we hadn't seen him around for some minutes. We began to look for him. And where do you think we found him?" Mr. Brydon threw back his head in a ringing laugh. "In the mine, hiding behind two boilers. Not one boiler, but two—with eight thicknesses of steel between him and the enemy!

"After that," concluded Mr. Brydon, rising to terminate the interview, and holding out his hand, "I fought my battles out alone, with the boys to help me. And we've been fighting them that way ever since."



Tales From a Canteen

II. The Wall Paper Code

(AS TOLD BY "SALLIE")

By ISABEL ANDERSON

I WAS living in Washington in 1914, and while there I became engaged to the dearest man in all the world, Lieutenant Henri de Kervyn, the military attache to the Belgian Embassy. Our betrothal was kept a secret because war broke out almost immediately, and Henri returned to his regiment in Belgium to fight for his country. A year had passed, and one day I was sitting alone in my room reading and re-reading his letters and looking at his photograph, for he was very handsome and I loved him dearly, when my maid brought in a cablegram from his mother, saying that he had been killed in battle.

After I had recovered somewhat from grief and the shock, I decided that what I needed to fight my sorrow with was work. Like a good many others, I believed in preparedness and after the *Lusitania* was sunk, I felt it a keen disgrace that America did not join the Allies at once. Henri's death made me feel all this even more intensely. What kind of work, though, should I do? That was the question. I was considering Belgian Relief, when the matter was taken out of my hands and decided for me.

At a friend's house one afternoon I met a suave, blonde, bullet-headed Prussian, Hermann von Yaeger, a new member of the German Embassy. For some unknown reason he took a decided fancy to me, and although I loathed every German, something inside of me told me to be polite to him. That night, while I was asleep, I had a curious dream. Henri seemed to be standing by my bed, and telling me gently to be polite to von Yaeger, that he had knowledge which might be of great help to my country, if I could persuade him to confide in me. I gathered vaguely that I must make myself very agreeable to the Prussian to do so, and Henri then seemed to grow more and more remote and indistinct.

When I awoke the next morning, I called up my friend and asked her to invite the German attache to tea to meet me. She did so gladly, and what with my prettiest dress and my gayest manner, he became even more fascinated and began to call on me with increasing frequency. But how I really hated him! With his flat-backed head, his up-brushed mustaches, his chest thrown out, his clicking heels, and all the parade of the typical German officer. One day he found me busy rolling bandages, as a matter of fact, for the Belgian Relief; his eyes sharpened until I lied broadly and told him they were for a German Red Cross unit. He seemed very pleased and swallowed my story whole.

Just to carry on the flirtation, I bandaged his head for him, and tickled his ear, though of course I pretended that was an accident. He thought it a great joke, and was more flattered than ever when I asked him wistfully if he thought I could get a chance to be a nurse in a German War hospital some day. He assured me that he could make it possible for me to be of

use to the Fatherland, if not in that way, at least in some other. He was going to say more, but restrained himself, and when he left he kissed my hand ardently. I let him, but the moment the door shut and he was out of sight, I scrubbed it off, you may be sure!

I had gone to the window to wave goodbye to him and jeer inwardly at his silly, fatuous smile, when I noticed a short, stocky colored man on

refuse him, but to lead him on. Somehow I couldn't say "Yes" just then, but a moment later when I caught the glint of sunlight on the field-glass of the spy across the ravine, I looked up and said, "All right! Let's get engaged!" Then Hermann put his arm around me and kissed me. I thought I should scream in another moment, so I jumped to my feet, and declaring that it was awfully late and I must hurry home, I climbed into the car.

As we stopped at my door, newsboys were calling out extras, "New German plot discovered!" they yelled.

"Mein Gott!" my escort muttered as he stopped to buy a paper and glanced at the head lines. He seemed much disturbed and followed me into the house, rubbing his bullet head perplexedly. "Now we are engaged, you must meet my sister in New York. You will like her very much. Could you go soon?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed. "I'd love to."

"Could you by tomorrow go, by any chance?" he continued.

"Tomorrow? Gladly. I have much shopping to do there, and I was planning a trip soon."

"How about the midnight train?"

"Exactly right," I assured him.

"Good. Then I will meet you at the depot with a letter of introduction to Gretchen." He kissed me and went away.

The following evening late I left the house and reached the station as arranged. Hermann appeared to bid me goodbye, and give me the letter. That done, I entered my state room, the colored porter following with my bag, when to my astonishment he locked the door, and before I had time to scream, threw back his coat, showing a secret service badge. Instantly I realized that there was something familiar about him.

"You are the man who watched us from the roof opposite my house, and also in Rock Creek!" I cried.

"Yes," he said, "and if you will look at me carefully, you will see that I am a white man disguised as a colored porter. My name is Kean, of the Secret Service. I want the letter Yaeger gave you."

I hesitated, not entirely trusting him. Then I realized it didn't matter, for, after all, it was only a letter of introduction to Miss Yaeger, and was about to give it to him when he mistook my hesitation for reluctance. His voice changed and he said sternly, "This is serious business!" and caught my sleeve. I jerked my arm away, tearing the fabric and disclosing a bit of tattooing on my arm which I had done with pen and ink on a certain romantic afternoon just before my lover left for Belgium. It was only a few dots and dashes, but it caught his eye.

"Morse code?" he said, pausing and looking carefully. "H. D. K." I rather fancy that stands for 'Hoch der Kaiser,' eh? I wondered all along if you weren't Yaeger's accomplice; now I know it!"

THE SPY SPEAKS

SALLIE was a lively piece, a distinctly up-to-date American girl, and came into the room waving an American flag. "This is a U. S. A. evening!" she proclaimed, jumping onto an inverted pail, "and we will all join in singing 'Yankee Doodle Dandy.'" She began it and we chimed in, afterwards following it up with "Dixie" and "John Brown's Body," and winding up with the "Star Spangled Banner" in a burst of enthusiasm.

"Now, after this brief song service," pursued Sallie, "I am going to tell you what happened to me in Washington before we 'backed into the war.' I'll call it 'Dots and Dashes,' or if you prefer, I'll copy the Laura Jean Libby method, and give you two names, adding 'or the Wall Paper Code.' Take your choice, girls."

She began gaily enough, but her voice quivered a little before she had finished the first sentence in her story, and we discovered why her fits of hilarity were sometimes followed by a touch of melancholy.

the roof of the house opposite. He seemed to be in hiding behind a group of chimneys, but at the same time peering out to watch sharply after Hermann. I wondered what he was doing in that place, and when a day or two afterwards von Yaeger came for me in his racing motor and took me out to Rock Creek Park, and there in a clump of trees that overhung a ravine opposite us the same man lurked, leveling a pair of field glasses at us, I knew, of course, my escort was being shadowed.

It was no surprise to me. Henri's dream words had carried more weight than any waking experience ever had, so I sat there on the edge of a brook where Hermann had stopped the car, and let the beauty of the place appeal to his Teutonic sentimentality. I fed the white swans with bits of bread from our luncheon, while they stretched their long necks and spread their snowy wings in the sunshine. Hermann called me his swan maiden and began the unmistakable preliminaries of love-making. I wanted to slap his silly, flushed face, but I didn't. Instead I hung my head and looked bashfully at him and smiled sweetly. So he went on to say that he loved me and couldn't we be engaged, for he wanted to marry me some day when Germany had won the war. Henri seemed near me, telling me not to

"I'm not! I am an American," I told him. "Those are the initials of my fiancé, Henri de Kervyn of the Belgian Army, now no longer alive." And I drew from my traveling bag Henri's picture, which I always took with me everywhere, and I will say Kean seemed convinced. Still he insisted on being shown the letter. I took it out and handed it to him. He deftly opened it, and to my astonishment no letter fell out, nothing but a small scrap of thin wall paper. It represented a tropical landscape with a canal which suggested Panama. Up in the corner hung a slender crescent.

"Code," remarked Kean. "Just wait until I put this into a chemical and see figures and specifications emerge! The crescent? A Turk's going to have a hand in this business, just as I expected, for Yaeger's been a bit thick with one of them, we happen to know."

I looked so frightened and astonished that he, after giving me a shrewd, critical look, added, "You're all right, probably, only Yaeger's been making a fool of you, I guess."

"Not so much of a fool as you think," I returned. "I've been trying to trap him myself, first to see if I couldn't get wind of some German activities from him, and failing that, I still hoped to get something out of his sister. Can you trust me?"

"I believe I can. Now I'll put this diagram back in the envelope and you give it to Miss Yaeger tomorrow at eleven o'clock. Some of us will be there. I'd rather catch her with the goods and now I know, I don't believe she can get away."

I promised to help him to the best of my ability and we shook hands. After carefully closing the envelope with the wall paper inside, he gave it back to me, and went out, the attentive porter once more.

Brushing unceremoniously past him, Yaeger strode in without knocking. "Why, what has happened?" I cried, for his face was red and angry. "I thought you had gone back to the Embassy."

"I know you did," he snarled. "That porter, what did he want? He was in here with you long enough. And what's your sleeve torn for?"

"My little bag rolled under the seat and I tore my sleeve fishing for it, and then the porter couldn't seem to get it out for a long time. It was wedged in there. I'm so sorry you were worried." I put my hand affectionately on his arm and gazed soulfully up at him. He smiled doubtfully and then his manner changed. At this point the conductor gave the last warning. "Hurry," said I, "or you'll get carried off with me."

"Mein Gott, I'd like to, and then I could introduce you to Gretchen myself."

The train started. "I believe I will go with you, after all." My heart stopped beating. "Where's the letter?" he added.

"Here it is," and I handed it to him. He turned it over thoughtfully and I could see he was relieved to find it safe. Evidently he found nothing suspicious about it, so he gave it back. "Believe I must get to work at the Embassy in the morning, so I'll drop off at the next station, though I'd like to go along with you." Apparently he thought it safer for me to take it than for him to be caught with it.

"The letter has some family news in it, nothing

important, but I don't want it lost and have strangers know about my private affairs. So be very careful of it," he added.

"I'll be awfully careful," I promised.

"Here's the next station. Take care of yourself. New York is a big place, and I don't want my little girl to get kidnapped." He lifted my hand to his lips and my torn sleeve fell back, revealing the tattooed code. "What's that?" he almost shouted.

I blessed Kean that moment for his ridiculous surmise, for I used it on Herman. Beaming at him I explained, "The Morse code for H. D. K. 'Hoch der Kaiser!' Now can you say I don't love you and the Fatherland?"

"*Liebchen!*" declared Hermann, and he kissed me. The train slowed up, for it was coming to the station where he was to leave me, and with further injunctions not to let my pocket get picked, nor to speak to any stranger, and go directly to his sister, he reluctantly left me, and hopped off the car into the darkness.

Alone in my stateroom I opened the letter once more and taking out the wall paper, I folded and re-folded it until I managed to insert it inside a large gold cross that hung about my neck, thinking it would be safer there.

On arriving, I went directly to the Biltmore and took a room to plan what my next step would be. Leaving my luggage to be unstrapped, I descended to the dining room for breakfast, wondering whether or not Kean was after Hermann and whether he had transferred to some partner the task of following up Miss Von Yaeger and me.

Returning to my room I saw there on the floor my belongings strewn recklessly about, where someone had thrown them in a hasty search, and what infuriated me the most was to see my dear Henri's picture, with his initials, H. D. K., torn to pieces! His Belgian uniform scratched and defaced! Who had been there? Could it have been some German accomplice or Hermann himself? Was it that he had not trusted me after all, had boarded the train again and had broken in to get a look at my luggage to see if I still had the letter, and finding Henri's photograph, my duplicity had been revealed?

There was a knock at the door. My heart began to beat. If that was Hermann, what should I do? Stepping close to the telephone so I could call for help in case of trouble, I said, quaveringly, "Come in." The door opened. It was Kean, to my great relief!

"Have you still got the letter?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Von Yaeger's been here."

"I guessed as much," I told him, indicating my strewn luggage and pointing to poor Henri's defaced picture.

"He trailed you, jumped on the last car as the train drew out of the station, where he had pretended to leave you, and now that he hasn't found the letter among your things, he's looking for you downstairs, thinking to get it back from you. Evidently, after he parted from you, he had misgivings. You had better take the letter, now he's found you out, at once by motor to the Department of Justice in Washington. It is too late to try to pin anything on Von Yaeger's sister."

So he telephoned down to the desk to have a fast motor waiting in the side street for me

immediately, and we went down by a back way. "Go to it alone," said Kean, "someone may be watching, and get into Washington just as fast as you can, and turn in that letter. I've got to have another look at your young Prussian, just to see what he is up to, and then I will follow you by train. I'll go to the desk and do your checking out."

Shaking me by the hand, he turned away and I sneaked down the side street, found the chauffeur waiting, got into the car, and off we sped.

I had motored some distance, and had begun to feel that we were making good time and all was well, and incidentally that I had had a lucky escape. Then, as we came upon a lonely country road, the motor slowed down and stopped and the chauffeur got out. He turned down his collar, pulled off his goggles, and there stood Hermann, his face purple with rage. "Himmel! I've discovered you're a little traitor! Don't you suppose I had the wires tapped while you and your toy detective were planning to betray me? I suspected that porter was not in your stateroom for any good! Aha! You fell right into my trap, *mein liebchen!* Now hand over the letter!"

"Please let me go!" I cried, for he had twisted my arm painfully. "Here, take this!" and I snatched off my gold cross and thrust it in his hands. "I swear on this cross," said I with perfect truth, "that your letter is no longer in my possession!"

"Huh! You are now going to be searched, and we'll see how you like that!" He snatched my handbag and tore it open. "Got it tucked inside your dress, *Fraulein!*" I began to struggle, but he tore my dress open. "If I don't find it, I've got you anyway. Don't forget that!" He put his arms about me, and thrust his face down close to mine. I collapsed on the ground.

That moment I heard the honk of a motor horn, and the next thing I knew we were surrounded by men, Kean among them, and Hermann was bundled into the car before he knew what was happening to him.

"Just in time!" beamed the detective. "Found Von Yaeger had disappeared and the motor I asked for was still waiting, so I gathered together a few of my own men I had with me and trailed you. Have you still got the letter?"

I picked up my cross off the ground and handed it to him. "Open it," I said. You should have seen Hermann's face when Kean took out the bit of wall paper! It was worth all my terrors! And the last that I ever saw of him was the back of his head in the car, guarded on either side by husky special policemen.

But what pleased me more was an item in the *Washington Star* that appeared a few days later. "Hermann Von Yaeger of the German Embassy has been recalled at the request of the United States Government, for very good reasons."

A year or so later we entered the war. I met Kean on the street one day and he said, "You will never know how much you did for America. It is quite possible that but for your timely aid a very serious piece of damage might have been done to one of the principal locks of the Panama Canal."

I was glad indeed to have helped my country, but what pleased me most was the feeling that I had avenged Henri de Kervyn.



American Musical Advantages Supreme

One of the foremost of our opera and concert stars, who received her training in the United States, dispels the illusion of European instruction as the "open sesame" to fame and an artistic career

IF you are thinking of a musical career—of fame as a concert or opera singer—are your first thoughts of Europe?

From time immemorial most of us have held to the tradition or fiction that only in Paris, London, Berlin, or Milan could musical artists acquire the finishing touches which would enable them to make their professional debuts and attain immediate success.

But such is not the case, and we have the word of Miss Mary Jordan, not only one of the most

successful "Made in America" singers, but one of the most popular and beloved opera and concert stars, that America is facing its greatest opportunity from a musical and cultural standpoint; and that it is no longer necessary for students to go to Europe for the stamp of approval. According to Miss Jordan, we now have the finest teachers and music in America to be found anywhere in the world; and now that all the musical classics of the romance languages have been translated into English, instruction in this country is in every way superior to the best to be had in Europe.

Though born in Wales, Miss Jordan has spent practically her entire life in the United States, and to hear her discuss the musical advantages to be had in this country is a lesson in Americanism. She received her musical education in America, and is today one of the outstanding personalities on the operatic and concert stage. She has traveled from one end of the country to the other, and has been heard in recitals in nearly every large city in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. On two separate occasions she has been invited to sing at the White House, a rare invitation to any American artist, and equal in distinction to being invited to sing before the King and Queen or any European ruler.

Miss Jordan insists that America contains everything an artist needs for development and inspiration, and the fact that she is now recognized as one of the world's greatest singers is proof of her contention. With an elaborate repertoire and qualified to sing in English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Japanese, Hebrew and Latin, all of which she mastered in this country under American tutors, Miss Jordan has been heard in oratorio and concert with the leading orchestras in the United States. As leading contralto with the Century Grand Opera Company, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Boston Symphony and other organizations, she has sung the most difficult roles known to opera, such as Amneris in "Aida," Delilah in "Samson et Dalila," Azucena in "Il Trovatore" and Laura in "La Gioconda"; and few American singers are in more constant demand than this American-trained artist.

Miss Jordan has run the gauntlet of professional success both on the concert and operatic stage. She knows what Europe has to offer to the aspiring musical artist; and her advice is, if one is bent on a musical career, to study under American teachers. Miss Jordan is refreshingly free from the affectation and mannerisms which characterize the average artist and musician, particularly those of foreign birth and education. In a brief interview with her which touched on many subjects ranging from dress reform to spiritualism, she said:

"It is no longer necessary to go to Europe for the final stamp of approval in things musical. We now have the finest teachers and music in



MARY JORDAN as Amneris in "Aida." Probably no other American-trained singer has a more extensive repertoire than Miss Jordan, and it is doubtful if many European artists can equal her linguistic ability to sing in eight languages. While she has lived and traveled abroad, Miss Jordan received all her musical and vocal education in this country. She is the outstanding example of the superiority of American instruction and American teachers. Her own success proves the fallacy of the theory that European methods surpass those of this country. Miss Jordan is not only a stickler for American methods, but she is also a stickler for extending the scope of the English language



AN unconventional picture of Miss Mary Jordan in the music room of her San Antonio home. Here some of the country's most famous celebrities have been entertained, among them General Pershing, Rosa Ponselle, Frances Nash, General John L. Hines and Major E. M. Lewis

America. The stupid idea that we have to run over to the 'other side' for everything worth while is just about exploded. Whether it be a matter of dress or a matter of music, there is just as much genius in America as one can find anywhere. I am glad to say there has been a great awakening in music the past five or six years."

Being one of the first "Made in America" artists to achieve fame on the operatic and



HOME OF MARY JORDAN in San Antonio, where the noted singer successfully plays the role of home-maker and charming hostess. With her husband, Major Charles C. Cresson, Miss Jordan enjoys an ideal home life, rich in entertainment and happiness. The Cresson home has been the scene of many military and musical functions

concert stage is substantial proof of Miss Jordan's belief in all things American.

Coming to the United States from Cardiff, Wales, when only eleven months old, Miss Jordan received her entire musical training in this country; and, though she can sing in eight languages, her diction is perfect and her accent unrivaled by native artists. Contrary to the opinion expressed by many Europeans, it is her belief that America will ultimately have the most wonderful of all music.

The fact that America is a "melting pot" of all the nations of the earth is an argument for instead of against the future of music in this country. But American music is not the only native product over which Miss Jordan enthuses. She believes the English language is just as beautiful, just as full of melody as any of the foreign languages if American singers would give the same attention to English diction as they do to foreign languages. Spoken and sung correctly, there is no other language more beautiful than the English.

It is Miss Jordan's opinion that the reason English has not been more popular in musical compositions in the past has been due to the difficulty in obtaining accurate and proper translations of the musical classics; but with the increasing popularity of English composers and translators are overcoming this handicap, and it is now possible to get the greatest musical compositions rendered into beautiful and perfect English.

In addition to her strictly professional work and duties Miss Jordan is a wonderfully well educated woman, being a profound student of history, biography and religious theology. To be a true artist one must know life from all angles. Her theory of success is that it is three-fourths hard work and one-fourth natural ability. "Hard work is the master-key that unlocks every door" is one of her favorite self-coined quotations. "Success did not come easy with me," she confessed in a reminiscent mood. "Of course,

one must have a voice, next to that brains and good health if they are to sing. You must have the urge of genius or you will never get anywhere without work."

Beginning her musical career in Scranton, Pennsylvania, when only fourteen years old, Miss Jordan's first engagement was as soloist for one of the most prominent Presbyterian churches, later going to the Pacific Coast, where she continued her musical studies and the study of languages, for which she has a marvelous aptitude. Not only is she a great linguist, but her ability to render dialect and folk songs has given her many advantages over most singers. She was one of the first American singers to sing Russian and Japanese songs in the original language. Next to her marvelous voice, Miss Jordan's greatest asset is her impressive and distinctive personality, combined with an almost unlimited and varied repertoire.

Probably one of Miss Jordan's most important engagements was as soloist at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, where she remained several years, serving at the same time as soloist at Temple Emmanuel El, Fifth Avenue and 43rd Street. She resigned both of these positions for the larger field of the operatic and concert stage, where she achieved her greatest triumphs and attained the distinction of being one of the most versatile singers before the American public.

Reverting to the fad of going to Europe for musical training, Miss Jordan told an amusing story of a well-known American soprano. This particular singer had acquired a liberal musical education in Chicago, but wanted the finishing touches, which she thought only the European masters could give. After visiting all the noted teachers in Milan, Paris, and Berlin, she finally decided to study with an American teacher, since she believed he knew more about teaching voice than all the foreign teachers combined.

Besides, he spoke her language and could make himself understood.

As further showing the laughable side of musical training in Europe, Miss Jordan related the story of a famous singing actor—one of the greatest of the age—who, being financially embarrassed, and appreciating the gullibility of Americans, hit upon the happy idea of coming to America and coaching them for grand opera. His price was ten dollars for twenty minutes; and, although he could not speak a word of English, he gave most of the time trying to convince his students of the sad state of art in America; that here in this country we tried to make artists much after the manner of automobiles. This may have been an exceptional case, but serves to show the ludicrous idea of American students who over-value European teachers.



MARY JORDAN, famous American contralto, and our leading exponent and interpreter of American methods of musical instruction. Few opera or concert singers have more triumphs to their credit than this greatly-beloved Southern songbird. Miss Jordan was born in Wales, but practically her entire life has been spent in the United States. She has been heard in every large city in this country, as well as in Canada and Mexico. Twice she has been invited to sing at the White House, first for President and Mrs. Wilson, and later for the late President and Mrs. Harding. With an astonishingly large repertoire and linguistic ability to sing in eight languages, Miss Jordan ranks among the foremost singers of the world. Her home is in San Antonio, Texas, where, in private life, she is the wife of Major Charles C. Cresson, prominent in the social and military life of that city. During the winter season of 1923 Miss Jordan will be heard in concert in New York, Washington, and dozens of other cities in the East.

Success Sometimes Easier Than Failure

This born executive and manager of men was not afraid to tackle a menial task, even though he was a university graduate. Since graduating at the University of Illinois and the University of Texas, he has run the gauntlet of section hand to president of a corporation doing two million dollars business a year

CONTRARY to the belief that at one time contractors and other semi-public individuals and corporations were supposed to land their best jobs by reason of pull and political influence, the Biblical allusion to "streets paved with gold" would indicate that a few paving contractors had managed to slip by St. Peter and enter the Pearly Gates. But maybe this reference is only intended as a figure of speech.

When Fred E. Rightor abandoned his ambition to become a railroad official, it is remarkable that he did not become a politician, for if ever a man possessed the qualities which make for leadership among his fellows, that man is none other than this paving expert and executive genius, who has made a name for himself and his company within a few short years. While there are many men in the same business who are nearly twice his age, Fred Rightor is regarded as the ablest executive and organizer, the best manager of men and the most dependable builder of beautiful highways and streets among the paving tribe.

Rightor reversed all traditions in the paving business when he quit his job as chief draftsman for the El Paso & Southwestern in 1908 at El Paso (a job he held exactly ten days), to become engineer for the Texas Bitulithic Company in the same city. His selection must have been made because the officers of the company saw in him the new kind of executive and corporation manager necessary to make the business expand and grow and develop with it; and Fred Rightor is still growing intellectually and mentally.

The Southwest Bitulithic Company of San Antonio is one of several subsidiaries of the Texas Bitulithic Company of Dallas, all financially identified with the Warrenite-Bitulithic interests established by Warren Brothers of Boston, whose patents and processes are utilized by the various bitulithic paving companies which constitute the head and front of the paving industry of the country. As a matter of fact, although more than 11.5 per cent of all the paving in the United States is bitulithic, in Texas the percentage is greater, being 34.4 per cent. This is due to the popularity of the bitulithic organization and the further fact that bitulithic has proved more economical in the end than any other paving material.

Working his way up from the ranks after his graduation from the University of Illinois, Fred Rightor's entrance into the paving industry was a second thought on his part; but he brought to his new work several years of professional and practical experience, combined with a high form of executive ability. His first practical experience was with the engineering department of the Illinois Central in which he worked over practically the entire system, having been on and in charge of section gangs, on engineering parties in different branches of the work. Later he worked under the chief engineer of the road in Chicago



FRED E. RIGHTOR, President and Treasurer of the Southwest Bitulithic Company, San Antonio, Texas, believes in being master of his business regardless of what the job is. He is one of the ablest paving experts and engineers in the country, as well as a great executive and contractor whose success in Texas has resulted in placing several cities of the Lone Star State among the best and most durably paved in the United States. Mr. Rightor has, in turn, been section hand, assistant to chief railroad engineer, draftsman, chief engineer of a mining company operating 32 mines in Indiana; and now, at the age of forty, is the head of one of the most successful paving corporations in the Southwest. He was born at Rockford, Illinois, in 1882, and is a graduate in engineering of the University of Illinois; the University of Texas; Past Potentate of the Ben Hur Shrine Temple, Austin, Texas; Past Exalted Ruler of the Austin Elks, and secretary of the Texas Shrine Council. His home is in San Antonio, where he is active in all civic affairs and the Rotary Club, and where he is known as an exceptionally able business man and executive

in the maintenance department, and was engineer in charge of the Fort Dodge, Iowa, division at the time when Senator Kenyon was district counsel for the road. By an unusual turn of circumstances he was later in charge of engineering work for his company at Freeport, Illinois, the division of the road on which he first worked

as a section hand less than four years before. Mr. Rightor's next engineering work was as division engineer of the Dering Coal Company of Clinton, Indiana; and after nine months with this company he became chief engineer of the Consolidated Coal Companies, which had as its general attorney the Hon. Will Hays.

Mr. Rightor remained in the coal industry for about three years, or until the end of 1908. While in the mining business he began the study of Spanish with the idea of going back in railroad work somewhere in the Southwest. Following that thought, his next work was as chief draftsman of the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad,

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FRED E. RIGHTOR

**Builder of Beautiful Streets and Roads,
Recalls Some Striking Illustrations
of the Wisdom of Paving**

Following immediately in the wake of good roads and paved streets have come the invention of nearly all our labor- and time-saving machines and implements, whether on the farm, ranch, in the factory or home. Good roads and improved streets have been the greatest stimulant to industry.

Antedating even Julius Caesar, some of the world's greatest patriots have concerned themselves with the building of good roads and permanent highways, both rural and urban. They have been our chief civilizing influence.

The country or state having the best highways and streets will be found to excel in wealth, civic pride, patriotism, education and general welfare. Prejudice, intolerance, ignorance and moss-backism cannot thrive in a country dedicated to building beautiful roads and streets. The most illiterate sections of our country prove this statement to be true.

Even the most backward and otherwise unprogressive countries of the Old World learned the advantage of good roads hundreds of years ago.

Any tax-paying citizen or voter should consider it a patriotic duty and a contribution to his fellow-man to vote for bond issues designed to promote and foster better roads and more beautiful streets. Such expenditures were never known to work hardships on any people or class of citizens.

As an example of the philosophy of "The greatest good to the greatest number," no better can be found than the principle of extending our highways and improving our streets.

Good roads to the country are what good streets are to the city.

No other economic factor can add as much to land values—a fact land owners and farmers have been too slow to realize. Good roads have built most of our schoolhouses, established social levels and brought about a community of interests unknown before the day of road improvement and modern vehicular transportation.

It's Perseverance *that* Counts

George Capper has been persevering all his life. Now he heads an important business which he worked long and hard to help establish firmly in public favor

FEW merchants in the country have reached the pinnacle of success over a journey attended with greater hardships during boyhood days than those encountered by George H. Capper, president of Capper & Capper Company, with headquarters in Chicago and stores in various parts of the United States.

The life story of this successful merchant is one of absorbing interest, and it is an object lesson to ambitious young men, for it shows conclusively that in this great country, pluck and determination oftentimes bring rewards denied young men who, in their battle for business supremacy, depend largely upon inherited wealth.

All through his business career, Mr. Capper has pinned his faith to one word—Service. It mattered not whether he was delivering a morning newspaper across the south side prairie, to some remote home in the suburb, or whether he was filling a large order to be shipped to a customer west of the Rockies, high-class service attended the transaction. It was *Service* first, last, and all the time.

What has been the reward? The Capper & Capper firm has grown from a total business of \$30,000 during its first year to a volume which is now said to be approximately \$3,000,000 annually, and the development may be attributed largely to the factor of splendid service in business.

"It is only live fish that swim up the stream."

George Capper heard this remark when he was a grocer's delivery boy, and it had much to do with creating an incentive to win in every battle in which he was a participant; and in his boyhood days the struggle against poverty was almost constant. Not one boy in a thousand would have suffered the hardships, and yet kept turning the grindstone as did George Capper. Few would have considered the game of "stick-to-it" worth while.

When he casts a casual glance upon his friends of boyhood days, he sees many on the rocks who, like himself, might be in the swim, if they had not been so persistent in seeking the lines of least resistance. In hardships, George Capper "met all comers," and was never known to show the white feather, no matter how formidable the difficulties might be. He was always determined to win, and invariably succeeded.

American women will read with interest and admiration the story of young Capper's loyalty and devotion to his mother. Practically until the day he got married, he carried home each week every penny of his wages. He felt his mother needed it to keep the home fires burning.

It is assumed as an axiom that every man, in whatever he does, is aiming at something which he considers will promote his happiness. His conduct is not determined by his will, but by the object of his desire. Apparently, George Capper's desire in boyhood days was to relieve his mother's anxiety over family matters. His father died when the boy was thirteen years old,



GEORGE H. CAPPER, President of the Capper & Capper chain of men's furnishing stores, that do a tremendous business in several of the big western cities. Mr. Capper's life story reads like a tale by Horatio Alger, which reminds us that Truth is sometimes stranger than Fiction

and to care for his mother and sisters was a duty he met without a murmur.

Furthermore, he would so conduct himself that a mother's pride would be kindled.

Her confidence in his honor must never be shaken, and with these high ideals, Capper began a business career on the South Side of the Western Metropolis.

From various sources in Chicago I was able to secure some interesting facts concerning the rise of this well-known Chicago business man from the days when he drank from the dregs of poverty at 87th and Vincennes Avenue, until he became president of one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world, with headquarters at

Michigan and Monroe Streets, one of Chicago's business corners.

Like many other successful men, he began life's continual struggle by selling papers. At this work he managed to earn \$1 a week, but it was a beginning.

Later he received a position as stock boy in a downtown store with the munificent salary of \$4 a week. It seemed a splendid income to the boy, who contemplated with pleasure the many things his mother could purchase with the \$4 each week.

But the work had scarcely begun before an attack of scarlet fever interrupted his plans. After he had recovered, the family physician recommended that his patient be sent to the country, where the restoration to complete health would be rapid.

He did not intend to remain idle while in the country and made arrangements with a farmer to do such work as lay within his ability for \$10 a month and board. When he returned to the city, every cent he had earned was given to his mother.

His first employment when he returned to Chicago was driving a delivery wagon for a south side grocer at a salary of \$4 a week. His employer was not a man who inspired confidence and loyalty in employees, but young Capper was governed more by expediency than sentiment in those days. However, when the grocer deducted 33 cents from the boy's week's wages for a half day absence, when George attended the funeral of his grandmother, all the fighting blood of his English ancestors began to rise in his veins.

He had gone along with the grocery man in his battle for business, and was making his presence felt in the little organization, for he was performing his duties methodically and cheerfully, but like many great military generals, he was imbued with the idea that it is sometimes good strategy to retreat and such was the mental order he gave himself.

However, the grocery man prevailed upon him to stay by giving him an increase in salary and other perquisites and the troubled waters which surrounded the boy became calm again.

In these days of labor combinations and clerks' associations, those who toil are not expected to work from 6:30 until 10 o'clock in the evening for a mere pittance of \$5 a week. Civilization has made marked advancement during the past twenty-five years, for the same services which George Capper rendered in his boyhood days for \$5 would bring \$35 today.

Matters in the Capper home became more discouraging to the good mother as month after month rolled by. What comforts could she provide the family with such a meager income? and yet she never complained. Like "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," she invariably found some means to surmount difficulties.

George knew his mother's troubles. His constant desire was to minimize them, and when a

paper route on the South Side was offered for sale, he borrowed the necessary money, and his footsteps were soon pattering along the sidewalks at five o'clock in the morning.

He rose at 4 A.M., got his sack of papers and started across the south Englewood prairies. Rain or snow made no difference; his five-mile journey with the papers must be made before 6:30, at which time he was due at the grocery store. But he earned an extra \$5 a week, and at that time this money was a godsend to his mother.

There are hundreds of men living in Chicago who sat in cozy parlors twenty-five years ago reading morning papers delivered by George Capper who today are far beneath him on the ladder to business success. He laid the foundations for a great mercantile career in the environment of difficulties and constant hard knocks. They, perhaps, had youthful comforts and pleasures which proved detriments in after life.

George Capper does not feel that he is entitled to any particular mark of distinction because his boyhood home was humble and his parents poor. Nor does he seek any undeserved pedestal because he was compelled to go to work at an early age. The history of this country brings into review many men whose early life was obscure and who dwelt in the cold hut of poverty, who in after years attained eminence, but they form a comparatively few when the total is considered. Each had his ideals in boyhood days and sound business principles in after life. To study these ideals and principles will benefit any ambitious youth.

Summed up briefly, George Capper always pinned his faith to constant endeavor and efficient service. During his employment as delivery clerk in a grocery store, he made it his business to inform customers the class of fresh vegetables which would be on sale the following day. He found that the power of suggestion in salesmanship was a great factor in winning trade.

Mr. Capper recalls with pleasure an incident that helped to stimulate business. His employer had purchased a considerable stock of egg beaters which seemed like a poor investment, as there was no demand for them. George fancied that if the power of suggestion was applied, the beaters would soon leave the shelf. Accordingly, he took a sample with him when making his deliveries, with the result that more egg beaters were sold the first day than had been disposed of in the store during the preceding four months.

The stock of beaters was soon sold; then he took out a can opener and later other utilities that were kept for sale. The result of these efforts taught the young man that many people will buy an article if their attention is called to it.

When but seventeen years of age, George Capper went into business for himself. He had acquired control of a little store at 89th and Rock Island tracks, his investment being \$75, which he had borrowed from his brother. His stock consisted largely of stale candy, most of which he sold at bargain prices.

He soon purchased a new stock, established two routes and while he was making deliveries, left his mother and sister in charge of the store. Later he added school supplies and the business began to prosper.

From the beginning, the Capper store was popular with the children. They always got good weight in candies and plenty of kind words. There was a competitor in the neighborhood with whom trade was waning, and who saw with dismay the growing popularity of the Capper store. He wanted to consolidate, but his offer was declined. In four months, he was closed out.

Young Capper never considered the grocery business his highest aim in life. Its many petty details, its perishable merchandise, and its bad credit patronage were features that often gave him food for reflection.

After due consideration, he finally decided to sever his connection with the grocery business forever.

His brother John had already established the haberdashery house of Capper. It looked more promising and considerably more inviting than the grocery business, and as a result of negotiations George entered the establishment as a clerk. The event marked the beginning of what is now Capper & Capper, a name of national distinction in high-class merchandising.

When George entered the high-class haberdashery store in the business district of Chicago, he was a yokel from the country, as it were. He had sold groceries to the laboring people on the South Side, but had not gained the polish necessary to deal with the first-class patronage which the Capper store enjoyed. But he was quick to learn and soon adapted himself to the new environment.

He laughingly tells of how his first customer was a man who wanted a tuxedo. He had never heard of such a thing. Where was it kept, and what did it resemble? he reflected as he hastened to another salesman to get himself extricated from his dilemma.

After the customer had left, George inquired, "Why do they call such a suit a tuxedo?"

"Because it is for informal evening wear, when a full dress suit is not essential. It is worn to theatres by many well-groomed men," was the reply.

John Capper gave George no preference, in fact at times he seemed to be particularly severe in his criticisms, but the criticisms were given with a well-defined object in view. He saw that his younger brother was a lad of sterling qualities, but lacking somewhat in polish when dealing with Chicago's first families.

What George lacked in experience as a high-class haberdashery salesman he made up from the very beginning by working overtime, putting the store and its merchandise in order, and his brother had not failed to recognize this loyalty and manifestation of interest in the business.

It was not long, however, before his salesbook showed larger totals than those of any other clerk, and his brother was not slow in recognizing this fact.

One day a business man entered the store to make a trivial purchase. Before he left, George took occasion to show him the new line of custom shirtings which the firm had just received. The clerk's manner was so pleasing that he made a good impression, and in a few days the gentleman returned with his wife, asked for the young man and purchased a \$300 bill of goods. This customer was the late George F. Griffin of the Griffin Wheel Works. Until his death, he remained a valued customer of the Capper store.

When the Capper store was first opened in Minneapolis, George was placed in charge. He had been married for over a year and at once took his wife and little child to the Minnesota city. His brother John remarked as he left: "You are pretty young, but I think you will make good."

In those days, the Capper firm did not enjoy such an excellent standing in financial circles as it does at the present time, and George was handicapped to some extent by lack of sufficient funds to develop the business along the lines he thought best. But little money could be invested in

advertising, only an ordinary class of clerks could be hired, and moreover young Capper was compelled to do most of the work himself.

For eight years he struggled against fierce competition in Minneapolis, always, however, making more or less headway. His chief competitor gave him six months to run his course and leave the city, but with dogged determination he kept the Capper banner floating in Minneapolis, and long before he left the city to return to Chicago, all doubt regarding the success of the venture had been removed.

Mr. Capper admits today that he neglected his family shamefully during that trying period when he was getting the Minneapolis store firmly established. He would leave home at 7:30 each morning and seldom returned before midnight. Sometimes he did not reach home until two or three in the morning, there was so much work to be done in the store, and as a matter of economy, he must do it himself.

Service was the one word George Capper always kept in mind. No matter what a customer wanted, he would supply him either from the Capper stock, or from some other store. He once said: "I will go out and buy a car of lumber and ship it to a customer with a suit of clothes if I can do him a favor. I want every patron to realize that the Capper stores will do anything within the bounds of merchandising for their customers and friends." This spirit is always present in the Capper stores. The business will never be conducted in any other way.

Always kindly to customers and courteous to competitors, nevertheless the Capper ire is conspicuous when aroused. Once during the struggle for business in Minneapolis, certain competitors sought to drive the Capper store out of town. They soon experienced Capper competition that was fast and furious, with the result that no further effort has been made to control the haberdashery trade in the business district of Minneapolis.

But the success of the Minneapolis enterprise was purchased at a great sacrifice. As already stated, Mr. Capper seldom spent an evening with his family, his modest home was in the tenement part of the city, and not a single theatre was visited in over two years.

Mrs. Capper braved the conditions heroically, always looking far ahead for the time when the business would permit more pleasures and better living conditions.

About seven years ago, Mr. Capper returned to Chicago and purchased the interests of a retiring member of the Capper firm. His brother John, who had successfully built up the Chicago store, was considering retiring from active management and was elected chairman of the Board, while George was elevated to the presidency.

When Mr. John S. Capper was elected chairman of the board and George H. Capper was advanced to president, John S. Capper published the following announcement to the public. Not only is this announcement a literary gem, but it contains much food for reflection for men who desire to perpetuate the business they have placed on a pedestal of prominence. Mr. Capper wrote:

Exactly thirty years ago I founded the firm of Capper & Capper in a little shop no larger than our present office. It has since grown to be the largest concern in America, devoted wholly to fine "Men's wear."

To me it has been a "Romance"; business can be that to a man who loves it, and I have certainly loved this business.

There comes a time when older men should make way for the younger, more ambitious workers; when a man gets comfortable in life, he is apt to

extend himself less, and is prone to rest secure on "laurels already won."

Capper & Capper should live for a thousand years, and will, if each succeeding head makes way for a younger man at the right time. With these thoughts in mind, we have always had our workers who were worthy, acquire stock in the concern.

My brother George—twenty years my junior—succeeds me as President. I shall be "Chairman of the Board."

George H. Capper is a rare type; his equal I have yet to meet in our line of trade—full to the overflowing in the "Spirit of Service"—almost too much so, if that can be; understanding as not all men understand, that great successes are made where the thought of money-making is forgotten—at least largely so. That if you give all of yourself—all you have in you—to the service of your patrons, they will shower you with their bounty, and material reward comes as a matter of course.

The business of Capper & Capper has always been the marvel of our competitors—if I may call them so—unable to understand why the public flock to our stores. It is wonderfully inspiring, but wholly explainable. They have abiding faith in the institution, and as long as we serve, just so long will the monument stand.

I look back on the thirty years with mingled emotions—pride in our work—the sweet thrills of victory, but that which is uppermost is—gratitude.

George Capper's health failed him soon after he returned to Chicago, and for a time he was away from the store in search of rest and renewed vigor. When he finally returned he began an aggressive campaign for new business and the results have been astounding.

From an insignificant total business of \$30,000 a year, the Capper and Capper stores now sell over \$3,000,000 worth of merchandise a year. Their mail order customers are in every State in the Union.

The Capper & Capper stores are located as follows: Chicago, two stores, and one in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Detroit, and St. Paul. An English connection is maintained in London. John Capper is interested in farming. He has large farms in Indiana and Michigan, and finds a great deal of pleasure in applying scientific methods to stock and grain raising.

Edward Milner came into the organization a few years ago and on account of his past experience with big Chicago stores has proven a valuable acquisition to the firm. Mr. Milner pos-

sesses more than an ordinary education and is very popular with the trade. Mr. Milner remarked that the association with George Capper makes business a real pleasure.

George Capper often rises above the realms of merchandising to give thought to his own philosophy. He is, in no sense, a politician; his ideas are that there are splendid men in both great political parties. Mr. Capper's letters complimenting Wilson and Harding are masterpieces of literary excellence.

WOODROW WILSON YOUR ADMINISTRATION IS OVER

We are grateful for the good you that have done. For your errors we shall forgive and forget, for we know that your job was a big one. We know that the man does not live who could have handled it without errors. You were simply human, and we all know it. You worked untiringly; you had unlimited faith, and we love you for it.

Things may not have worked out as you would have had them, but this change may prove to be that something necessary to balance off and polish up your efforts.

Sometimes two heads are better than one. Sometimes what looks like defeat proves to be victory.

America, now and in the future, will use the good ideas that you advanced. We may polish them up; we may change the color, but as sure as day follows night, they will be used.

Knowing this, you will be satisfied.

A subsequent letter to President Harding expresses confidence in the ability of the new executive piloting this country through the business storm which was raging at that time. It reads:

America is riding through a squall.

Harding will soon be at the wheel to guide her. Level-headed Harding and well-balanced Harding, we have faith in you; we will co-operate with you.

Necessity, the mother of invention, will soon be with us, showing us the importance of acts rather than words.

You say that you are not a superman. Well, we do not ask for a superman.

You are balanced; you are conscientious. We have accepted you; now we will help you.

Your job is a full man's size. You will want and need help. We promise you shall have it. If needs be, this mighty nation will be welded as one when that hour comes.

Americans will not fail you. America will stand the test.

Perhaps one of the most interesting messages ever given employees was that of Mr. Capper's, when he wrote to the members of his organization during the dark financial days which enveloped this country two years ago:

HAVE FAITH

It's a fight, boys. Yes, a challenge to show what we are made of.

The world's commerce is going through fire, but it will come out tempered as steel.

The clouds are black, but, thank God, there is sunshine behind and beyond these clouds.

Things look pessimistic and temporarily they are so, but again I say there is hope and prosperity ahead. Prosperity of the good and sane kind.

It is a rough sea with a lot of fair weather sailors riding it, also many seasoned veterans.

So it's time for courage, hope and the will to stand by the ship. She's a good old ship, this ship of commerce. She'll weather the storm if you will but help her, just man the wheel, keep the rudder straight with her nose head on into and across the waves.

Some will ride the storm, but that fair weather sailor of commerce must either rise to the occasion or go down in the depths.

Now is the test, accept your responsibility, face your problem, take off your coat and work, yes, fight like a demon, because it's a man's job and you have got to qualify to survive this commercial storm.

It took neither a bright man nor a courageous one to prosper during the boom just past, but you must have a backbone now, you must be a fighter in this great game of commerce and you must be prepared to fight clean.

It's a job worth while, my friend, so organize your every effort and go to it with that bulldog determination that knows no fear.

Someone is hoping for you, yes, pulling with you—have faith.

To know George Capper is to know a man who through all his life exhibits the fact that the beautiful character is the unselfish character. Those whom we most love and admire are those to whom the thought of self seems never to occur; who do simply and with no ulterior aim that which is good and right and generous. Merchandising would be on a higher plane, and satisfaction in trade would be more complete in this country if there were more Cappers.

By Appointment, Photographer to the Great—Continued from page 209

of all, an artist to the finger tips, and his description of taking a photograph of Christian X, King of Denmark, is a bit of romance.

To Amalienborg, in the heart of little Denmark, Pirie MacDonald was called. He took his kit and traveled thirty-eight hundred miles to read a face and take a photograph.

"King Christian is two inches taller than Abraham Lincoln, and, like him, gaunt, spare built, well knit and strong muscled. His skin is bronzed with wind and weather, and his close-cropped mustache shows scarcely a sign of gray." All this and the character behind it was preserved by Pirie MacDonald's notable photograph of Denmark's king.

While he was sitting before the camera they talked of hunting, and Pirie, like a true American, was delighted to hear the tribute to Colonel Roosevelt. King Christian expressed to the photographer a keen interest to visit America.

"When he entered Sleswig at Kristiansfelt as its sovereign, after the German occupation of fifty years, he reached down and took a little blond Danish child, placed her on his saddle bow, and the people shed tears of joy and fell on their

knees." And Pirie says that 'twas no pose, but the "real thing."

Pirie MacDonald insists that His Majesty is a man he would like to take into the big woods with him—or over Avalanche Pass.

This incident is only mentioned to indicate the picturesque personality of New York's famous photographer. He never works on Monday. That is the day he plays.

He was one of the original Rotarians, and is a Rotarian through and through.

Photography, he insists, is a matter of having men look natural, feel natural, and of having their hair combed, "if they want to." He has been engaged in photography since 1883. The grand prize cup has been awarded him, also the grand prize for portraiture, the diamond decoration, the laurel wreath and seven gold and two silver medals by the Photographers Association of America, and about forty other European and American medals. In fact, the prizes he has won would require a catalog in themselves.

He was the first President of the Professional Photographers Society of New York and is a member of the Chamber Syndicale Francaise de la

Photographie. He was decorated Officer d'Academie, and later the Palms Academique of the first grade—he is F. R. P. S. (whatever that means)—but these honors mean nothing to Pirie. It is the new honors he is seeking every day in making a photograph just a little better than ever of just plain men who never had a good one before.

He was born in Chicago in 1867. He had the rugged boyhood of a Chicago lad, and early in life sought to make his way in New York. He has grown up with the camera, and there is not an angle or a wrinkle, a light or a shade, an expression or vacuity that he does not seem to understand in the human face. He gazes at you with all the intentness of a camera and does it without looking cross-eyed. You seem to have a double focus sweeping over every phase of your being, and yet men feel the vigor, virility and character of the man behind the camera, who loves the woods, the great outdoors, princes and commoners (if they have brains), as well as the background of the subject sitting demurely under the magic wave of Pirie MacDonald, the master photographer.

The Onion Set King of America

There is something about the onion—the oldest and best known of domesticated vegetables—popular with the ancient Egyptians as in America today

By W. C. JENKINS

THE story of men who are making history in the development of corporations whose products are distinct benefits to humanity never fails to interest progressive Americans. They find in these stories ideals and methods that inspire enthusiasm and energetic endeavor.

There is no more fascinating tale in all the realm of food product accomplishment than that of the great development which has taken place during recent years in the onion industry; and most interesting of all is the fact that one of the leaders in the creation of highly efficient methods, not only in growing the onions, but in marketing the product, is comparatively a young man. If his creative genius asserts itself in the same degree during the next decade as it has during the past ten years, we may look for some benefits in the field of food products that will be a boon to humanity.

To rise from an inconspicuous farmer to become the recognized king of an important industry within a few years is an achievement worthy of more than passing notice. Such is the story of Peter Peerbolte, of South Holland, Illinois, who is today known as the onion set king of America.

The onion set industry is one of recent development in this country, but it is proving to be of vast importance to thousands of farmers in districts where onions can be profitably grown. At the present time eighty-five per cent of the entire onion set crop of this country is produced in Cook County, Illinois, and mostly by truck gardeners, who produce a general line of vegetables for the great Chicago markets.

The onion set industry was really placed on its feet by dealers—men who bargain and contract with the farmers for certain crops. Many farmers were unable to buy the necessary seed themselves and were furnished by the dealers.

Peter Peerbolte was one of the farmers who began growing onions in Cook County about twenty years ago, and he was one of the first to realize that the industry had great possibilities. His first venture was to plant a few acres, then purchase the crops of neighbors. Later he began contracting with several farmers for acreage and furnished them the onion seed.

Year by year the circle of his operations grew larger, and four years ago he was recognized as the largest grower and dealer in this country.

Believing that in union there is strength, Mr. Peerbolte assisted in forming the Farmers' Co-operative Onion Set Growers Association in 1919. This association soon gained a membership of one hundred and forty farmers in Cook County, Illinois, and it was believed that the new organization would be of material benefit to all concerned.

The function of the Association was largely to furnish the seed to those of its members who needed such assistance, and to market the entire crop grown by the farmers who had joined the organization.

There were other dealers, however, who had trade to satisfy, and since these dealers could not expect to secure any part of the crop of the Association members, it became necessary for them to make season contracts with non-members in order to supply their customers' demand.

In April, 1922, Mr. Peerbolte purchased at a premium the entire stock holdings of the members of the Farmers Association, which was later dissolved and the company which now bears his name was organized.

On July 1, 1922, Mr. Peerbolte effected a consolidation of his business with the Lansing Onion Set & Produce Company, which was under the management of A. C. Vierk. He also arranged for a consolidation of the interests of Everette R.

Peacock Company, which had a large garden seed business and handled an immense volume of onion sets.

This brought together three of the largest operators in the business, and it was not long before the new corporation, known as Peter Peerbolte Company, dominated the industry. It grows and handles three times the amount of onion sets of any other concern in the business.

At this time the Peter Peerbolte Company is handling nearly 40 per cent of the entire crop of onion sets raised in Cook County, and it expects to increase the amount to 50 per cent next year.

The new company took over all the contracts made by the Association with outside dealers, and filled each 100 per cent, in face of the fact that the existing market at that time was from 50 to 75 per cent higher than the prices embraced in the contracts.

Cook County farmers are among the most intelligent agriculturists in the country. They are exceptionally thrifty and thoroughly understand the markets. Years ago they were often victims of traders from Chicago—men with all kinds of schemes, on account of the district being only a short distance from the city. Today, no well-posted schemer considers these farmers easy marks. They are now doing their own thinking.

Peter Peerbolte has always realized that the prime factor in dealing with farmers is to play the game square, and he prefers to suffer a loss rather than take advantage of any farmer.

His firm does an immense volume of business each year, and with this volume, narrow margins in the aggregate produce a good profit. In matters of dispute the company always prefers to give the farmers the benefit of the doubt.

The Peerbolte firm handles large amounts of table onions, cabbage and onion seed. This year the firm will pay the farmers over a half million dollars for the season's purchases. All the money goes to farmers in Cook County who cultivate the land in a trucking district about five miles wide and thirty-five miles long.

The company has extensive warehouses in the vicinity of Chicago. There are two at Norwood Park, Illinois, with a capacity of 140,000 bushels; one at South Holland, Illinois, with a capacity of 70,000 bushels; one at Franklin, Illinois, with a capacity of 25,000 bushels and another at Lansing, Illinois, capacity 10,000 bushels. A total storage capacity of 245,000 bushels.

■ The onion takes its name from the city built by Onias near the Gulf of Suez, B. C. 173. It has been domesticated for a very long time, and is one of the earliest cultivated plants. Drawings of the onion are found on the Egyptian monuments.

For centuries it found favor with the Egyptians and the Israelites, and is now cultivated and popular in every country of the world.

The place of its origin is unknown, but it occupied a vast area in Western Asia during a very early period, as the records frequently refer to it as an article of food.



PETER PEERBOLTE, the Onion Set King of America, began growing onions in Cook County, Illinois, about twenty years ago, and was one of the first men to realize that the industry had great possibilities. This year his firm will pay to the farmers in Cook County more than a half million dollars for the products of their onion fields



HARVEST SCENE in the onion set fields in Cook County, Illinois. The sets are collected in baskets and placed in trays to dry and cure. After being allowed to dry in the sun for a few days, the onion sets are piled in trays or stacked in piles and allowed to remain in the fields until about the first of October

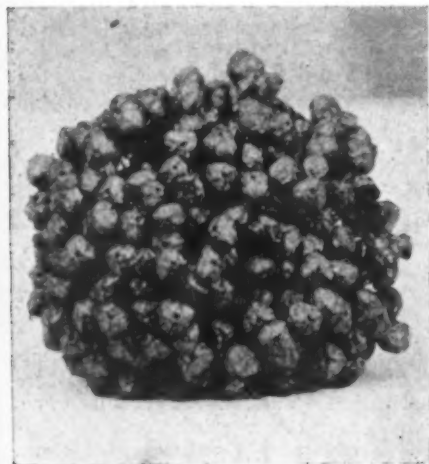
It is only within the last quarter of a century that rapid growth and development of the industry has taken place in this country. The past twenty years have witnessed the development of the Bermuda onion industry in Texas, until now we have markets supplied during the whole year with successive crops from our own country.

The onion is one of the most important vegetable crops in the United States; indeed, it ranks third in commercial importance. The old adage, "Keep onions in the house and you will keep the doctor away" illustrates their medicinal value.

Onions are being increasingly eaten, as a healthful article of food, and this fact with a better understanding of their palatability has widely stimulated their cultivation and use.

Those who fully understand the health-giving qualities of onions appreciate the stupendous work Peter Peerbolte and his associates are doing in this important field of endeavor.

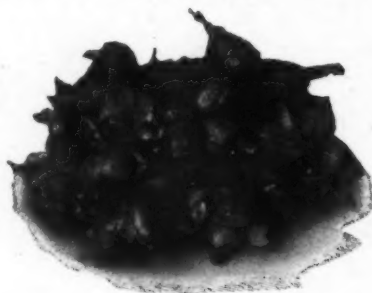
The first onion sets raised in this country were grown near Philadelphia. The business did not attract any particular attention until 1900, when some venturesome farmers made experiments in South Holland, Illinois. It was demonstrated the first season that this Cook County land was admirably adapted for growing onions, and the following years many farmers began to plant onion seed to produce onion sets.



Onion Seed Head

Onion sets are small onions, usually less than an inch in diameter and of many varieties. They are oftentimes termed "pickle onions," since one type of the white variety is used for pickling purposes. They can be produced from any variety of onion seed when planted very thickly, but under such conditions, they do not grow to normal size. It requires three and one-half to five pounds of onion seed to plant an acre for large, dry onions, while sixty to sixty-five pounds are necessary to plant the same amount of space for onion sets.

Onion sets are used principally for two pur-



Egyptian or Winter Top Onion Sets

poses—one to produce large dry onions, and the other to produce green table onions for early spring use. In either case they will grow and mature from four to six weeks earlier when grown from sets than when produced from seed.

A person traveling through the truck garden section of Cook County is astonished at the immensity of the onion set industry, the care, labor, and investment necessary to produce what we term a mere onion with an unpleasant odor.

It will surprise many people to know that three seasons are necessary for the production of onions from onion sets, while two seasons are required to produce the sets themselves. The first seed is produced from an onion bulb usually about one and one-half inches in diameter. The following season the seed is planted on preferably a rich black muck soil to produce onion sets. The season following the sets are planted to produce large onions.

Some harvest scenes are shown herewith, disclosing the manner in which onion sets are collected in baskets and placed in trays to dry and

cure. These trays are peculiarly constructed so as to allow ventilation from all sides. After being allowed to dry in the sun for three or four days, the onion sets are piled in trays or stacked about ten feet high and allowed to remain in the field until about the first of October.

A trip through the South Holland district in Cook County would lead one to believe that he was passing through the oil well fields of Texas or California and viewing a number of sawed-off oil stacks.

After the onion sets are properly cured, they are removed to immense storage warehouses, as shown herein. These buildings represent the Norwood plant of the Peter Peerbolte Company, and have a storage capacity of 140,000 bushels of onion sets and are so constructed as to require no heat whatsoever. Mr. Peerbolte stated that these buildings are valued at \$165,000, and are the finest of their kind in the world.

Onion sets are usually stored in these warehouses until about the middle of December, at which time shipments begin for southern points.



Multiplier Onion Sets

As the season advances, shipments are made to central and eastern states, until about the middle of March or first part of April, when the season closes with northern and Canadian shipments.

As already stated, there are many varieties of onion sets, but all are confined to two classes—top onion sets, which mature in clusters on the top of the onion stalk, and bottom onion sets, which mature in the ground.

Winter top, or Egyptian onion sets, are usually planted during the latter part of August, or early part of September, in time to make the roots strong enough to withstand freezing. They are allowed to remain in the ground all winter, coming up early in the spring, often before the snow is off of the ground, and producing the first early green table onions.

All other varieties are classed as bottom onion sets. Some are flat in shape, others round. Certain types mature early and others late. The early types, those better known as Bermuda varieties, are usually ready for harvest the middle of July, following planting in early April.

Almost immediately after being harvested they are shipped to Southern points, such as Texas, Florida, Louisiana, and Georgia. These Bermuda onion sets mature large dry onions which are purchased at grocery stores just before the holidays for turkey dressing. They are mild in flavor, tender, and hence must be handled with care, since they are not good keepers.

The later types of onion sets which usually produce the ordinary dry onions purchased by the housewife, mature the early or middle part of August following planting about the first of

April. It is this type of onion set that is stored through the winter months and planted in early spring.

Multiplier onion sets mature in clusters with as many as fourteen or fifteen to a cluster from one single bulb. These are planted in a similar manner as winter top or Egyptian onion sets, and used only to produce green table onions.

The production of onion seed is often more expensive than are onion sets. Most of the onion seed used in this country is produced in that section of California south of San Francisco, better known as the Sacramento Valley. The soil and climate is particularly adapted to the production of onion seed as well as many other varieties of garden or flower seeds. California is known as the seed-producing state in this country.

As already stated, onion seed is produced from bulbs about one and one-half inches in diameter, which mature a cluster of seed pods at the top of the stalk about the early or middle part of August. These seed pods are collected and threshed somewhat similar to oats and wheat. After threshing they are washed, the object of washing being to obtain seed of high vitality. Good, or heavy, seed sinks immediately when put into water. After washing it is important to dry as quickly as possible, and here comes the benefit of California's sunshine and the dry season during a part of August, September and October without any rain at all. The seed is spread on sheets thinly to dry, and after drying is screened and shipped to the merchants for distribution.

California, however, cannot produce all varieties of onion seed to advantage. Those types of onion seed used for the production of Bermuda



THE PEEBOLTE PLANT at Norwood Park, Illinois, the largest onion set storage warehouse in the world. These buildings are valued at \$165,000, and are so constructed as to require no heat. They have a storage capacity of 140,000 bushels of onion sets, which are stored in these warehouses until about the middle of December, at which time shipment begins for southern points

onion sets, or Bermuda onions, are grown in the Canary Islands, Teneriffe, a province of Spain. Therefore the producers of onion sets must seek their supplies from the four corners of the world.

Onion seed is usually an expensive commodity, ranging in price from 65 cents to \$2 per pound. Since it requires from sixty to sixty-five pounds of onion seed to plant one acre for the production of onion sets, it means an investment of \$60 to \$65 per acre.

When a grower of onion sets has planted his onion seed, his work and worry and expense has only just begun. Most of the labor connected with the growing of onion sets is done by hand.

The usual cost for the production of onion sets ranges from \$125 to \$150 per acre. The average crop yields from 300 to 325 bushels per acre.

The market conditions have often seen the grower of onion sets receive as high as \$4 to \$5 per bushel and as low as 75 cents per bushel.

Aside from the Cook County district, onion sets are produced in a limited amount in Louisville, Kentucky, and small plots are found in Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania.

It is an interesting industry and is now largely in the hands of specialists. Under ordinary favorable conditions, farmers realize a handsome profit from acreage devoted to onion sets.



Success Sometimes Easier Than Failure

Continued from page 217

which position he resigned to permanently identify himself with the bitulithic interests. As engineer for the Texas Bitulithic Company at El Paso, he was entrusted with large responsibilities of an executive nature, taking over additional duties from time to time, and in 1910 was made superintendent of the El Paso branch, being transferred to Austin in 1911. When several large contracts were secured in San Antonio in 1914, he was placed in charge of both the Austin and San Antonio work; and at the time was the only man in the organization who had charge of both the construction and promotion ends of the business. With the organization of the Southwest Bitulithic Company in 1919 with a capital of \$100,000 (the company is now capitalized at \$200,000), Mr. Rightor's active leadership in the paving industry in Texas may be said to date. Since that time he has been given some of the largest paving contracts made in Texas, among them being one with the city of Laredo for street paving to the value of nearly a half million dollars, besides several large contracts in San Antonio and Austin. Popular among all classes of citizens, and known to practi-

cally every engineer and contractor in Texas, Mr. Rightor has revolutionized paving methods in his home state, and placed the industry on a higher and more efficient plane than it has known before. He has reduced the paving industry to a scientific and sound financial basis and made his appeal to buyers of street paving materials on the merit of his product and the integrity of his firm.

The success of the Southwest Bitulithic Company is a reflection of the personality and ability of Fred Rightor. At forty he is not only one of the greatest salesmen in the industry, but one of its ablest executives. He saw the weak spots in the business and early established rules of procedure in which misrepresentation, slipshod work and cheap methods have no part. Despite the fact that bitulithic costs 20 per cent more than most other bituminous pavings, Fred Rightor's company will probably experience the most profitable year in its history during 1923.

Successful and busy as he is as an executive and corporation head, Mr. Rightor has never been too busy to take an interest in civic affairs

or to do more than his part for a worthy cause. He has always been a loyal supporter of Chamber of Commerce affairs, and has been an active worker in Rotary for ten years. With the Legislative Committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers, of which he is a member, Mr. Rightor has labored for years to have passed by the legislature of his own state a bill to license civil engineers. He is now a director of and one of the most energetic workers in the Texas Highway Association, which association with a platform calling for a comprehensive and connected system of highways for Texas, is endeavoring to have voted necessary amendments to the state constitution. Mr. Rightor still has the human touch and believes in his fellow-man. He is as popular among his Masonic and Elk friends as he is among his business associates and social intimates; and has the distinction of having served as Exalted Ruler of the Austin Elks Lodge at the same time he was Potentate of the Ben Hur Shrine Temple. He represents the new type of modern corporation executive who can work as well as play, and still remains a human being.

On Her Way to Old Broadway

It's a long, long road that leads to the bright lights and laughter that await those who attain success on Old Broadway—the Promised Land of every aspirant for footlight favor

By LORA LEE

IT has been Enid Markey's cherished ambition since childhood days to become a Broadway favorite, and, starting in a little mining town in Colorado, she has, by virtue of her natural talent and her remarkable determination, placed herself very nearly where she wants to be.

At the witching age of sixteen, Enid left her boarding school in Colorado, and with her mother went to California, where she had intended entering college and to pursue as one of the courses a serious study of the drama.

While these preparations were being made, she had the opportunity to appear in one of Morosco's plays as a little maid. Then it befell her good fortune to play in "Oliver Twist" with Nat Goodwin. It was here that Joe de Grasse, a director out on the Coast, found her and put her into the movies.

The very first picture she made was "The Barrier of Blood."

The interesting part of it was, Miss Markey admitted, that as she was totally unacquainted with the camera work, she went through the play as Mr. de Grasse directed her, and did not try for any particular effect. This picture turned out better than any after that until the third or fourth production.

For, having once studied herself upon the screen, she forthwith set about to improve her expression by turning just "this way," and looking "just so," and ended by spoiling the very result she was after. She had to acquire camera technique without that studied pose which is so plainly revealed on the screen when an effect is worked for.

Miss Markey played with William S. Hart in his pictures for two years, co-starred with Frank Keenan, Dustin Farnum, Willard Mack, George Walsh and House Peters, and appeared in the first picture William Collier ever played.

And when the five-reel pictures made their initial appearance, Miss Markey appeared with Bessie Barriscale in "The Cup of Life."

Miss Markey declares that "Aloha" was by far the most satisfying picture she ever made. It was a picture of pathos and beauty, and her screen version turned out just as she wished it to all the way through. And this, she pointed out, is a very hard thing to accomplish; as very few stars see their work turn out on the screen just the way they want it.

"War's Women" is another picture Miss Markey recalls happily. "Frank Keenan directed me in a wonderful bit of acting in a dramatic scene in that picture," she reminisced.

"It was a delight to play with such an understanding lead."

"Tarzan of the Apes" was the last picture in which Miss Markey appeared. Then she came to New York and started in the legitimate field. She had determined it was time to set about making her dreams of Broadway come true. The way looked easy; for at once fortune smiled upon her. Mr. Woods cast her for one of the

lead in "Up in Mabel's Room," which played successfully on Broadway and then went on the road. When the season closed, Miss Markey returned confidently to New York to prepare for another vehicle.

Then came the bitter, unexpected trials. First one hope after another dashed to the ground. One day of happiness when a manager would give her an audience and try her out in a part, the next day indecision, the next disappointment.

Finally came the opportunity to try out the lead in "Getting Gertie's Garter." The lead in a Woods' production! Surely here was success on Broadway at last! But, no; this was only August, and after qualifying for the part, Mr. Woods had to tell her that the play would not be put on before January. Miss Markey felt she could not afford to wait so long; besides, managers have been known to change their minds. So, when along came the chance to play in

Cohan's "Love and Learn," Enid signed for the run of the play and found herself again nearing her goal.

Alas, the queer twist Fate gave to her career! Mr. Woods was making an effort to reach her when he decided to open his play a month or two earlier, but Miss Markey was on a contract with Mr. Cohan, and "Love and Learn" was even then on the road getting groomed for Broadway. So Mr. Woods had to cast about for another lead. The play proved one of the hits of the season, while "Love and Learn" held Enid just long enough to make her miss signing up with "Getting Gertie's Garter," then failed.

Miss Markey returned to New York utterly forlorn and wondering how she would ever have the courage to go on. She recalled the book "Fortitude" she had once read. She thought now of one of its characters, whose motto was:

It isn't our lives that matter, but the courage we put into our lives.

Her mother's belief in her, her own confidence that once given the chance she would be able to prove her ability, sent her once more firmly determined into the manager's offices.

Weeks of the same old rounds—that those professionals who tramp Broadway know! Days of worry and uncertainty, nights of planning and anxiety. Then the offer to play stock in Boston. Enid was about to turn aside from this when the thought came to her that it would be excellent training. And so she went.

"I never thought I should be content with leaving the glamor of Broadway," she suggested. "Yet as rushed as I was with my work, trying on gowns even while I was trying to eat, I think I enjoyed the experience more than anything in my life. People were wonderful to me; I loved playing to them . . . they were so enthusiastic, I just worked with all my heart to please them. And mother made things so much easier for me; she looks out for everything, takes all my worries off my shoulders; helps plan my costumes, criticizes my work. And she's a good critic, too; you should see the way other members of our company came to mother for her opinion on this or that bit of 'business' in their parts. And mother's always with me; I never sign a contract that will not permit her to accompany me."

The mother care and mother love Mrs. Markey has lavished upon Enid is evident by the outlook her daughter retains on life, despite the many bitter disappointments that beset one following a theatrical career, where a manager's favor is unknown.

Enid Markey has the appearance of a beautiful young girl on the threshold of womanhood, "with reluctant feet where brook and river meet." From her clear, brown eyes shines the soul of an understanding woman; yet she talks with unfaltering, childlike simplicity so earnestly of her career, unfolding her hopes, her ideals of the stage as one would kneel in a chapel at prayer.



ENID MARKEY—not in character, but just "herself" as she appears in those rare moments when she can forget the multiple exactions of the stage and screen. This winsome little actress is going to see her name in electric lights on Broadway some fine night—be sure of that

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

IT is well to write about here," said James Whitcomb Riley to me one afternoon at the Lockerbie Street house, placing his hand over his heart. "There are a few who will read what you write up here"—pointing to his head, "but human heart is the common denominator—all understand this."

Then in the height of his fame, he produced some proofs of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

"I have revised these verses over one hundred times, and I never grow tired of improving those lines." There was a glow in his blue eyes at that time that mirrored scenes associated with that real "sweetheart of mine."

In answer to the query of how he had become a poet, he drawled in his own Hoosier way:

"The crisis came to me: Am I to be a poet and suffer for it, or a newspaper man or writer and be paid for it?" There were some of his letters that threw a light upon this decision. That little school teacher friend, who urged him to be true to the Muse because she believed in his genius, influenced his decision.

"The thrill of my life was when I had that letter from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow commenting on my verse. Longfellow was my dream—my idol. To think that the author of 'Evangeline' and the 'Psalm of Life,' then in the height of his fame, should recognize my verse brought the feeling that I had made a start."

He turned and looked into the fireplace steadily, for this was at old Lockerbie Street. His right arm was then paralyzed, but his eyes gleamed bright when he turned and asked my age.

"How did you feel when you were forty?" I inquired.

"Never was forty; I was never more than twenty-six until, until—this came a few years ago. I lived my life longest at twenty-six, with the memories of boyhood revived with the vividness and depth of a stereopticon view. Every incident and scene of my childhood seemed to be engraved indelibly in my memory."

In the moments of lonesomeness what a joy just living over the old days with Riley's poems.

"It never seemed to me that anything I wrote was worth while—unless it had a touch of sentiment. And children, God bless them! They just lived with me. It always seemed to me that I was a man with a large family of children. It was gratifying to just see that wonderment in their faces and the sparkle in their eyes when I told them stories. Children are the most appreciative audience I have ever had in reciting poems."

On the day previous he had been given a reception by the children of Indianapolis, where his poems were presented in pantomime—for all this was in his birthday month.

We rode out to Greenfield, his birthplace, where "the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock," and Riley was living over the old poems again. There were visions of

gathering nuts, and the old swimmin' hole, which was now crusted over with the chill of autumn days.

The birthday celebration in Indianapolis was a sequel to the great ovation given him at Tremont Temple, when Julia Ward Howe, author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Edward Everett Hale and prominent authors of New England who were on the platform, placed a laurel on the brow of Riley, as the successor of Longfellow.

"Did you have difficulty at first with the dialect?" I inquired—glancing over some of his manuscript on the table.

"It is just like writing music, as I remembered the way the old folks talked—it would write itself.

"My first pen name was 'Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone.' I was not quite sure whether I wanted to be known as a writer at that time—and my apprehension of age was that I would become bald-headed."

His hair was then sparse a'top, but what remained was carefully parked and parted in the middle. The tinge of the red of youth remained. In the drawl of the dialect he recorded, with his clear gray eyes glowing, he presented a copy of



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was par excellence the poet of childhood and youth. Probably in the literature of all times no poem has so closely and poignantly touched so many hearts bowed down with grief as his "Little Boy Blue." The beloved Hoosier poet never married, but his love embraced all the children of the world in one great inclusive family circle, and his tender expressions of the more sacred sentiments of human affection find a universal echo in the hearts of humankind.

his favorite poem in his own handwriting which he gave me for the "Heart Throbs" book. It was "I Had My Violin and She Had Her Song."

There is a treasure in my "Attic" library. It is the fly-leaf of the first volume of Riley's poems, which he autographed—the last lines that his magic hand ever penned. The words "affectionately and gratefully," tremulously marked with an indelible pencil, were written with his left hand, after hours of laborious effort. Those lines are firm in the faith, written in the October days of the last year of his life, shining out like letters of gold. I can hear his softly-modulated voice repeating as we parted, the line, "Take care of yourself, Joe." They were the last words I heard as we left the old home. They sing themselves in my memory like a benediction.



Revolutionary War Scenes to be Re-enacted Upon the Screen

RIDING with a thousand horsemen along the hills of Putnam County, New York, D. W. Griffith has begun the big outdoor scenes for "America," the title selected for the Revolutionary War film which he is making, at the suggestion of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This is the first instance where a film has been requested directly by a public organization.

The title was selected after a poll of six universities, six grade schools, six clubs, and six sporting places where slang is most prevalent, including a prize-fighter's camp, a race track, a pool room, a dance hall and a boy's playground.

More than ninety per cent of the votes were for "America," with "The Spirit of Seventy-Six" a heavy second choice. Brevity, vividness, and comprehension were the standards by which all the returns were judged.

The several hundred people who selected the title have been invited to take parts in the big battle and other group scenes of which there will be many in the film.

Secretary of War Weeks has instructed the War Department to lend every reasonable assistance to the making of the film.

At Somers, Griffith has established an encampment for several thousand players and soldiers, with complete water supply, commissary, electric and sanitation installment. Three farms have been surrendered as a site for the encampment, which covers a hillside about a mile.

A site overlooking a valley beaded with lakes has been chosen for the cameras, with the action extending back from one-half mile to a mile, with incidental action as far away as seven miles. The latter is for signal fires, etc.

The United States Army has established an encampment for about one thousand men under the direction of Col. G. P. Pond, Division Commander. The men are from the 18th Infantry



DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, the miracle man of the movies, whose vision overleaps the bounds of time and space and reconstructs upon the screen the moving dramas of years gone by, is about to re-enact the great war scenes of the American Revolution before the camera. This monumental undertaking, begun at the suggestion of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, will be the most stupendous and important historical film that the industry has yet produced, and is designed to provide a permanent pictorial record of this epochal historic event

from Forts Hamilton and Schuyler, and from the 16th Infantry at Governor's Island. A thirty-three piece band from Fort Slocum accompanies the troops. A complete commissary department is in charge of Lieutenant DeWitt, and a medical corps unit under the command of Captain N. T. Davie. Major Arturo Mareno is in direct command of the troops.

With the technical advice of the Federal Army officers, Griffith is preparing to stage with exact accuracy the major battles of the Revolutionary War.

The horsemen have been assembled from reserve cavalry units under the command of Captain Love of the reserve forces. It is reported to be perhaps the largest cavalry unit ever assembled outside war manoeuvres, and represents an exact duplicate of the cavalry strength of the American troops in the engagements that are to be reproduced.

The War Department is taking a keen interest in the manoeuvres, as it is giving observers for the Department an opportunity to study from a military viewpoint the struggles of the American colonists with a precision never before made possible because of the expenses involved.



The Famous "Main Street" of America has an Improvement Association all to Itself

WITH its imposing procession of humanity, enormous traffic, and stately prospect of wealth and riches, Fifth Avenue, New York, is today one of the famous thoroughfares of the world. It is, indeed, the "Main Street" of America.

No small credit for this achievement is due to The Fifth Avenue Association. This organization, comprising nearly 1,800 public-spirited New Yorkers working as a unit, has brought

international renown to this famous Avenue and to the metropolis.

The results of their efforts are numerous and are deserving of the widest recognition.

Fifth Avenue was the first street in the world to make use of semaphore lights in directing automobile traffic. The new traffic towers recently presented by the Association to the city are beautiful structures of ornate design in bronze and granite and are indicative of the keen patriotic pride felt in the Avenue.

Perched midway between the curb at strategic points along the Avenue, these towers flash the varied signal lights of red, blue and yellow that direct traffic up and down Fifth Avenue as well as on the side streets.



BEAUTIFUL VERNAL FALLS in the Yosemite Valley, California. While this, the great inspirational park of America, has been the objective point of tourists for many years, the general public is not aware that this world-famous valley is but a seven-mile stretch in a scenic paradise of eleven hundred square miles—where falls nine times higher than Niagara thunder ceaselessly, and sentinels of rock and cliff such as are to be found nowhere else in the whole wide world abound

The plans of every new building to be erected on the Avenue are studied by The Fifth Avenue Association, and every effort is made to have the owners co-operate in the matter of design and material, with an idea of beautifying still further this great thoroughfare.

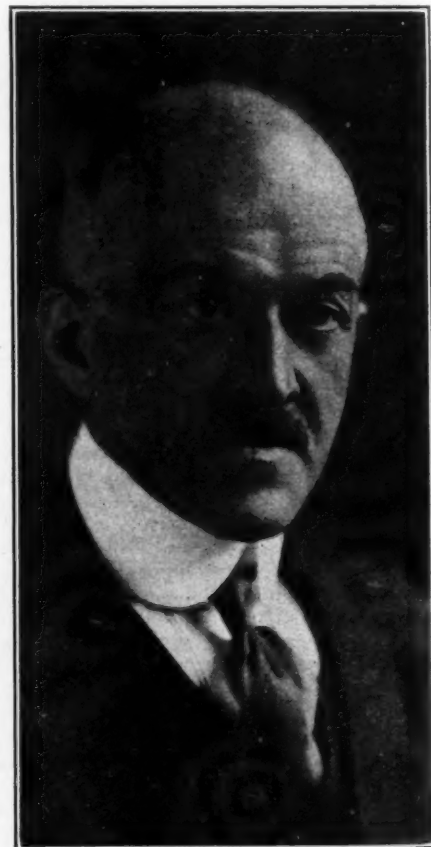
The relief of traffic congestion, the prosecution of zoning violations, and improvements in the appearance and safety of the street are other matters that receive the closest attention of the Association. Dangerous crossings have been made safe. Car tracks have been removed. Unsightly signs have been eliminated. There is evidenced a genuine "home town pride" in every constructive movement.

Associated with Robert Grier Cooke, the President of the Association, and Captain W. J. Pedrick, General Manager, is a corps of efficient helpers. Weekly luncheons are arranged to stimulate interest in current matters, and members follow the progress of the work on hand closely.

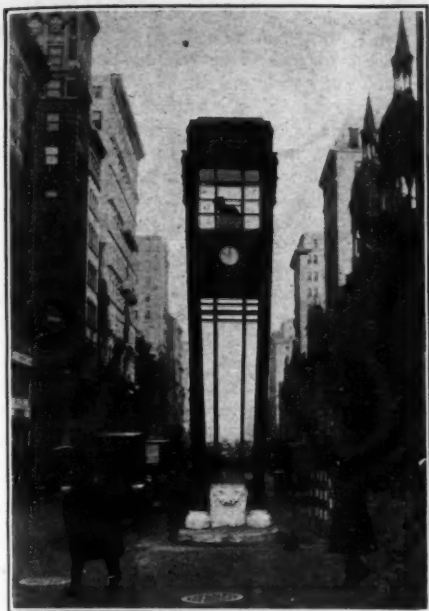
During the war it was at a meeting of The Fifth Avenue Association at the Waldorf that the largest subscription for Liberty Bonds was raised at one gathering—\$52,000,000 being pledged.

Old ideals have taken on new lustre, and the work of the Association has evoked the hearty congratulations of Federal, state, and city officials. President Cooke and his team workers are go-getters. They understand the value of team work and recognize that every citizen of the United States of America has an interest and pride in Fifth Avenue.

Robert Grier Cooke was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He graduated with the degree of



ROBERT GRIER COOKE, President of The Fifth Avenue Association, with the co-operation of nearly 1,800 public-spirited citizens of the metropolis has brought a large measure of international renown to this famous Avenue—now one of the best known thoroughfares in the world



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

THE FIRST new bronze traffic signal tower, the gift of The Fifth Avenue Association, erected at 42d Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, in December, 1922. The Association has made a gift of six other traffic towers to the city

B. A. from Lehigh University. He was engaged in journalism on the New York *Tribune*, with Harper & Bros. and D. Appleton & Co. In 1902 he established the publishing house of Robert Grier Cooke, Inc. Mr. Cooke made a catalog in colors of J. P. Morgan's Chinese porcelain collection. Since 1907 he has devoted all his time to the Fifth Avenue Association, which he started with about twelve members, and which now has a membership of nearly eighteen hundred.

Mr. Cooke is also trustee of The Church Club of New York, member of the Board of Governors and Executive Committee of the Arbitration Society of America, member of Academy of Political Science, member of English Speaking Union, member of Sulgrave Institution, member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, National Institute of Social Sciences, The Pilgrims, the Sons of the Revolution, and other organizations.



Custer Hiway Perpetuates the Memory of a Famous Massacre

FOLLOWING the Civil War, an event that thrilled the country was the massacre of General Custer and his gallant little band of two hundred and fifty-three soldiers by the three thousand Indians who swept down upon them on the plains of the West—a second massacre of Wyoming in history. The Custer Battlefield has already become a shrine in American history. Visitors have made pilgrimages to the spot where Custer made his last stand in the land "Out Where the West Begins." Now the battlefield is reached by the Custer Hiway. The idea was evolved by W. D. Fisher, former secretary of the Sheridan Commercial Club. He had the vision and went to work. The idea was to make the Hiway to the Custer Battlefield one of the most popular that connects the Middle West with the two great national parks, the Yellowstone and the Glacier. The road is then to be extended to Chicago on the east and the Pacific northwest coast on the west.

It required all the dynamic energy of Mr. Fisher to start the project. Over sixty thousand motorists used the Hiway in 1922, and every one of them brought a blessing for the man who originated the idea of this Hiway. The highlight of the trip is the Custer Battlefield, just south of the Crow Indian reservation. Many visitors stop here and pay their tribute to the gallant warrior who with long, wavy, yellow hair was a picturesque figure of his time.

Every spot of the road was marked, following closely the Grant Hiway through north-central Illinois. The Custer route shortens the distance to Yellowstone Park two hundred and twenty-five miles. That means something in gasoline these days. The policy of the railroads in straightening out curves has been followed.

On this spot the late Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and other noted scouts of the West, together with Chief Red Cloud, Jesse James, and others, fell under the fascination of this Shrine of the great Out West.

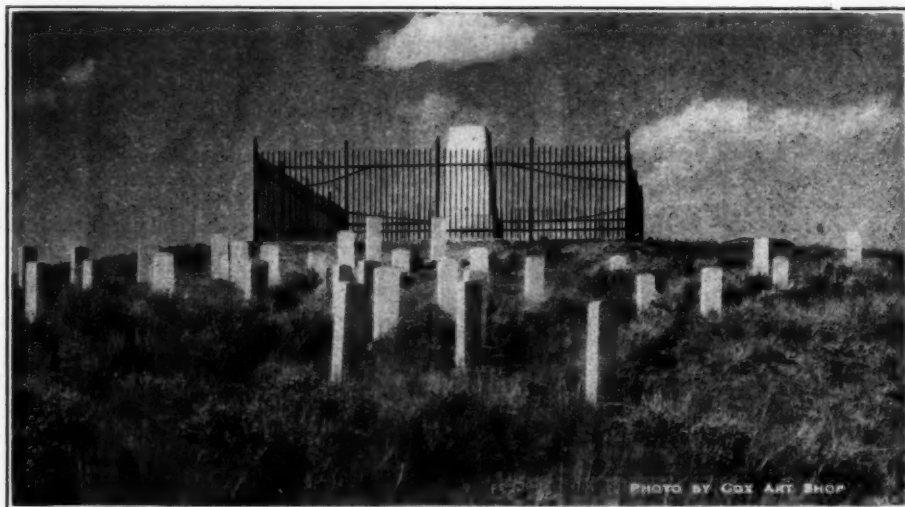
The trip carries the tourist over the sweeping plains of Nebraska, through the picturesque Black Hills of South Dakota, past the Devil's Tower of northeastern Wyoming, the scenic Big Horn mountains that range around Sheridan, the Custer Battlefield and national cemetery, the Crow Indian Agency, the Beartooth, Big Horn, Jefferson and Lewis and Clark national forests and Judith Basin. It also leads on through the Montana oil fields, the Blackfeet Indian reservation, the Glacier National Park, and then the trail is struck that leads directly to Yellowstone Park, the scenic wonderland of the world.

This Hiway is managed with the true hospitable spirit of the West. The road officers know in advance all motor parties using the routes and do everything they can to help make the trip enjoyable. The Hiway brings the tourist to Sheridan, where the executive offices of the Custer Hiway are located. From here an hour's ride will take the tourist to the scene of the Wagon Box fight, the Fetterman massacre, Fort Phil Kearney and other spots where the bloody conflicts between American troops and Indian warriors occurred. In the heart of the Big Horn National Forest and mountains, the tourist finds himself among some of the nation's most fascinating scenic beauty spots. It is the ambition to have this road one of the best maintained in the



W. D. FISHER, of Sheridan, Wyoming, Secretary of the Custer Battlefield Hiway Association, was the originator of the idea to memorialize the famous battlefield by building a motor highway through some of the grandest of the Western scenery and past historic spots where the early builders of the West paid with their lives for a new kingdom.

West during the entire year, and the State Highway Departments along the routes are co-operating to that effect, for Westerners are still Westerners, and love to have people come and enjoy with them the glories of the land of the great outdoors.



THE CUSTER BATTLEFIELD, near Harding, Montana, scene of the most famous struggle in all the long and bloody annals of Indian warfare. Here occurred the massacre of General Custer, the picturesque and fearless yellow-haired warrior, and his entire command. This tragic event signaled the beginning of the end of Indian murder, rapine and torture on the Western frontier. From the day that the gallant Custer fell, the Red Man was hunted relentlessly to his most secret fastnesses.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN solved so satisfactorily for himself the problem of a correct diet that he was impelled to the solving of other people's food problems as a life work. Like the late Horace Fletcher, ill health drove him to an intensive study of the effects of the various common foods upon the human system

"Eat, Drink and be Merry"—and You May Live to be a Hundred Years Old

WHEN the word "dietetic" is mentioned there are many thousands of people who think of Eugene Christian—who has made the subject a life study. As a young man Eugene Christian began dealing with fundamentals. The practical knowledge as it came to him from experience was applied. He was always sure to reach a definite conclusion. Born on a farm in Tennessee, he knew all the rigors of hard work in the fields and was early ambitious for an education. After a year in Irving College he felt that he must go on learning fundamentals. He began life as a traveling salesman, not with a sealskin valise, but with a little hand bag with his lunch and extra shirt enclosed. As a matter of necessity in those days he early began the study of foods. The hard work told on him, and he found in his own stomach his first patient. His persistence in the study of foods was because he had to do something to save himself.

He moved to Atlanta, where he was engaged in mercantile business, and was later a manufacturer in Binghamton, New York, but all the time his study was the effect of various foods. In 1900 he settled in New York and began his great life work. Here he began to teach and practice as a dietitian. He was prosecuted by the Medical Society of New York because he did not possess a medical diploma, but with the zest of a crusader, he continued the fight and won, the decision of the Supreme Court in New York State establishing the basic rights of a food

scientist who diagnosed and prescribed diet as a remedy of disease.

Then he began his work of lecturing and writing, and has prepared perhaps the most comprehensive and complete work on diet that has yet been published.

He is the author of:

"Encyclopedia of Diet" (5 volumes).

"Twenty-four Little Lessons in Scientific Eating".

"Weight Control."

"Basis of Health."

"Ten Little Lessons on Vitamines."

These books have attained a sale of over two million sets. It is estimated that ten people borrow and read each set in circulation, which would give Christian a reading family of around twenty million people.

Christian was one of the group of men who organized and financed the Vitamin Food Company and the Vitamin Research Laboratories located at Westfield, Mass.

This company is doing a great work in bringing to the attention of the American housewife the importance of putting Vitamines into the family food.

Dr. Louis B. Allyn, the distinguished food chemist, has charge of the Vitamin Research Laboratories and is mining this field for

knowledge, and Christian and his associates are broadcasting it to the American people. The good that is growing out of this work is incalculable.

Christian has just purchased the Colonial hotel property at St. Petersburg, Florida, and will open a Christian Institute on November first, 1923. The purpose of this institute is to teach and demonstrate in a practical manner the true principles of scientific eating.

Christian's theory is that one of the weakest points in food reform is that there is nowhere the average man can go and have served to him a menu for a specific purpose. He has proved that a bad meal can be made up from good foods by making them into unharmonious combinations.

The founding of the Florida Institute is for the purpose of starting a chain of these establishments over the country to teach the theory of the balanced dietary—commonly known as Scientific Eating.

He is a member of the American Society for the Prevention of Disease and "The Author's League of America," and the Society of Science, Letters and Art of London.

Dr. Christian has a penchant for investigation, for looking into things. Everything that pertains to food absorbs his interest. Of slight build, he vigorously practises what he preaches and in his enthusiasm has mapped out work to live one hundred years. In his study of the chemistry of foods, he has been led to the conviction that many men dig their graves with their teeth. "Diet is an all-important thing in the matter of

health," for, as he has often said: "We are of the things of which we eat."

Even as an expert, he keeps his mind well balanced. Recreation on the field and farm or wherever he may be, studying the soil which produces the foods—taking long trips in his automobile, going far-afeld on his tours of investigation—Dr. Christian follows the food question at all angles.

His home at Forest Hills, New York, and his office in New York are veritable centers for the discussion of the latest suggestion and investigation on the subject of food. In spite of all this, he finds time to participate in the activities of the various societies of which he is a member. The key note of his whole life is concentration, enthusiasm and courage, with an open mind always searching for information, which, coordinated with his wide range of observation, has made the work of Eugene Christian of inestimable value to his own time and to future generations



Boston Newspaper Man's Poem Wins a Most Distinguished Honor

AGAIN has a bit of verse from the NATIONAL MAGAZINE been chosen for its worth, for one of the most distinguished considerations given poetry. Each year the Swift and Company Male Chorus, of Chicago, an organization of unusual fame and standing, selects by ballot from American magazines the poem which in their opinion ranks first as eligible for selection as the composition for which the chorus offers substantial prizes in a competition for the musical setting. The NATIONAL has been honored before, and this year "The Sea," by James McLeod, a Boston editor, who has been with two newspapers for more than twenty-five years, was selected. By request we reprint it.

THE SEA

Titan power's slumber hours: sleeping, restless sea.
Fitful in tranquility, with dream-toss in thy roll.
Seems thou art a life apart—Mace of Majesty;
Showing e'en in silences the gleam of super-soul!
I love to watch thy moods and ways.
To thee the ages are as days!

Now wake, O Sea!
On all the main thy anthems rain! Rejoice with me
in crashing chord!
In melody
Exult refrain in spindrift strain! As light set free
flash bright thy sword,
Triumphant Sea!

Come, shrieking gale! Let drenching flail of surges
quake the strand!
O Sea of Time, thou art sublime—in tempest
wild, or calm.
Enchanting Sea! Thou art to me, the Hollow of
God's Hand—
For biting wound is gently bound, and sealed
with healing balm.
Transcendent Sea!

Mightiness! Humility! Can'st smite—and yet
caress.
Awful in engulfing wrath; Grim Master of Distress.
Ranging in thy timbre from roaring rumble deep
To muted notes unechoed. O Sea, lull me to sleep.

The Chorus announces that the winner of the first prize for the musical setting is Franz C. Bornschein, of Baltimore, a teacher of the violin and composition, and one of America's most prominent composers. Second and third choice were those by Hermann Speilner of New York, and Gustav Mehner of Grove City, Pennsylvania.

Rehearsals of the chorus have started, and Mr. McLeod has been invited to be present at

the premiere, in February, at Chicago. When the announcement of his verse's selection was made by Swift and Company Male Chorus, the *Boston Herald* and *Boston Traveler*, with which Mr. McLeod is connected in an editorial capacity, reproduced the verse, with a pardonable pride shown in telling the story. Mr.



JAMES McLEOD, well-known Boston newspaper man, whose poem, "The Sea," published in the *NATIONAL*, has been selected for a distinguished honor. He is a past master of clear, incisive English, a deep student of the Bible and Shakespeare, and a poet of rare parts

McLeod, of a long line of blue-water ship builders, masters and owners (tradition has it that Noah was an apprentice in a McLeod shipyard), informs the *NATIONAL* that he nursed the verse three months before submitting it. "It is easier to write a few columns daily," he tells us, "than to complete a satisfactory verse in three months. Verse is the distillate of thought, crystallized into words, and as our English has no real synonyms, the task of building a verse correct in imagery, technique, metre, sequence, balance and word, calls for substantial effort. I am fond of good verse, and believe that a library composed of the Scripture, Shakespeare and Holmes, affords an abundance of the exalting and edifying in poetry. Our papers and other publications would aid and benefit humanity and promote generally more noble sentiments, were they to print more worthy verse and omit doggerel."

"The Sea," he says, might have been finished in less time had not Mrs. McLeod, whose nine years' constant devotion to an invalid only son, and who has had first rate books for companions, largely, kept finding flaws in the verse until she admitted it "might do." But then, she is a Scots woman and possibly hypercritical.



New Figure Looming on Horizon of Railroad Consolidation and Development

PERIODICALLY a new figure appears in the world of railroad development. Few people realized what E. H. Harriman was doing until he had gathered and cut his melon. He made good railroads. Now comes O. P. Van Sweringen of Cleveland, who has acquired control of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western and the Lake Erie and Western, in addition to the majority stock of the Nickel Plate from the New York Central with

an ambition to create a strong consolidated railroad group. Seeking to acquire the holdings of H. E. Huntington, the Chesapeake and Ohio indicates a new Richmond in the field of railroads when earnings and financing attractions are on the wane.

The Van Sweringen brothers have expanded their activities from aggressive real estate operators in Cleveland. They developed Shaker Heights and are primarily constructive in their plans, and it takes constructive minds to build up railroad combinations. In developing real estate they became interested in transportation facilities and found it the fundamental factor in development. If their plans succeed it will give the Cleveland interests a dominating voice in the management of nearly four thousand miles of railroads with O. P. Van Sweringen as chairman of the board and M. J. Van Sweringen as vice-president. The brothers have the courage and vision of a renaissance in railroad development.



No Sporting Page in This Journal, and Yet Many Men Read It

THERE are many thousands of men who read the *Ladies' Home Journal* regularly. They may not herald the fact any more than they will admit doing what good wives suggest—but the fact remains, they do it—I have caught them furtively peeping into its pages.

On a bright August afternoon I found myself in the editorial offices of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. These very rooms reflect the spirit of the publication. The girls were in approved attire and gentle mannered. There were Colonial tables, chairs, paintings, and an atmosphere of hominess that would be difficult to imagine in what is named by tradition as an editorial "den." The time of my call was that part of the afternoon when you want to visit—the nervous tension of three o'clock.

On walls were companionable paintings. At a modest desk near the window was Barton Currie, the editor. His recent editorials have sounded a rallying cry for the return to real home life, and he is aggressively carrying on the tried and tested ideal, represented in the world's famous woman's periodical.

While he sat at his desk just as he used to sit at the news desk on a New York newspaper, calm and imperturbable, clear-eyed, with a steady searching gaze—he was after facts. His first newspaper work was with the late Jacob Riis in New York City. In fact, Editor Currie is one of the few celebrities of modern times who was born in New York City and enjoys that distinction along with the late Theodore Roosevelt.

First of all, he was a real newspaper man and did his early work as a reporter on the *New York Evening Sun* in the days of Charles A. Dana and was later with the *New York Times* as a campaigner for news—interesting topics. Commissioned by the *New York World* to go to Labrador in 1909 to meet Admiral Peary on his return from his last Polar expedition, his editorials representing Peary's side on the great controversy are now history of the North Pole.

Contributing short stories to newspapers and magazines in early life, he made the most of his experiences as a chief yeoman in the United States Navy during the Spanish-American War. As editor of the *Country Gentleman* he traveled over two hundred and fifty thousand miles in his quest for information and gained the object of his quest—the farmers' point of view.

What he did not learn of New York by reason of being born in New York City, he learned by actual contact with the farmers of later date. It was his great pleasure as a boy to spend his summers on his grandfather's farm. In his editorial work Mr. Currie maintains the same incisive style of newspaper days, but ever reflects the scholar and philosophic angle—with a sympathetic humaneness that wins.

To secure new contributors and features for the *Ladies' Home Journal* requires a rare genius,



BARTON CURRIE, editor of the "*Ladies' Home Journal*," is a real journalist, who served a long and exacting apprenticeship upon several of the important New York daily papers before entering the magazine field

for it is the pace-maker periodical. He has proven an eminent and worthy successor of Edward W. Bok, and is imbued through and through with the instincts of a crusader for home life. A student of Harvard and the New York Law School, he knows student life. As author of the popular play "Officer 666," he has had his fling as a playwright.

There is something about Barton Currie that is red-blooded and vigorous—he is none of your "pink tea" variety. Believing in the modern woman, he is ready to go to battle with anyone who seeks to undermine the wholesome ideals of home-making and is ready to draw his pen in the defense of that conviction. In his articles there is the depth of a mature philosopher, but



LITTLE MIRIAM BATTISTA, ten years old, and already a star of the stage and screen, had an audience with President Coolidge while making a personal appearance recently at a Washington theatre. She was the proudest little girl in the United States when the nation's Chief Executive consented to be photographed with her. A new company has been created in New York to star the tiny actress in a series of special productions, of which Dana Burnett's "The Shining Adventure" will be the first

they maintain that glint of youthful interest which focuses the attention of readers on the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

In his office overlooking Independence Square, he can watch the tower where the Liberty Bell rang, but there are no limit of hours in the work of an editor. When he takes up that little bundle of papers and his desk is clear for the night, that is only the beginning of another day's work to be completed before the morning hour, for the various sections of the *Ladies' Home Journal* go to press with the regularity of editions of a newspaper. Upon his return from Europe he prepared a broad and concise study of womanhood in the world in its relations to that particular womanhood for which his periodical has ever been the ardent champion—the women of America.



More "Made-in-America" Music by American Artists for American Audiences

THOSE who are "in the know" and in touch with the various efforts toward musical development in the country readily agree that the women in America are stronger supporters of music than the men, and it is due to their boundless enthusiasm and tireless energy that we have the great Music-Cycle Clubs and various local organizations that bring the best artists to their community.

Just now their eyes are turning to the leading American artist, and there seems to be a growing tendency to give him at least an equal break with the importations. Naturally, then, they are most interested in the American artist who stands for American music.

Mr. Paul Althouse, the well-known tenor, is an outstanding artist with the above qualifica-

tions. Mr. Althouse was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, and comes about as near being a 100 per cent American as one could find. We can think of no contemporary artist who sings with such rhythmical zest, verve and vitality, whose impulses are so essentially musical, whose enunciation is so satisfying, and whose phrasing is so faultless as this same Paul Althouse.

When he sings American songs there is no doubt about them being just that. Every word can be understood to the farthest corner of the auditorium. Perhaps this mastery of English accounts for the fact that he uses so many English songs.

"I sing American songs, because I know of no better language for vocal expression," says Mr. Althouse, "and I believe the day is near for American opera. We have the composers and the best of facilities for its presentation, and the public will eventually demand it."

Mr. Althouse's recent tour of the Antipodes, during which he gave forty-two joint concerts with Mr. Arthur Middleton, the eminent bass-baritone, was a triumph of the first magnitude. Like Mr. Middleton, he sees a greater and broader musical world dawning for the American musician.

—CLAY SMITH.



Little Actress Who Visited the President "The Most Perfect Actress on the Screen"

YOUTH will be served." The kiddies are scoring heavily in all branches of the entertainment field, their tiny feet often entering unafraid where angels might hesitate. Through tragedy, comedy and romance, down to the musical comedies of the up-to-date "flapper" variety, the youngsters are making their way to the top.

As Longfellow might look at it, we have "Grave Elfin and laughing Lillian and Miriam with raven hair."

Which brings us to little Miriam Battista, that adorable child of the theatre, who recently was received in private audience by President Coolidge in Washington.

One can tell from Miriam's name and her dreamy brown eyes that she is but once removed from sunny Italy. And she is justly proud of her family, for her grand-uncle is the Archbishop of Baglioni.

Miss Miriam boasts of only ten years, six of which have been spent quite literally on the stage. She began her career as an actress about the time most girls are in kindergarten. It was Madame Nazimova who gave her the first big part—the boy in her stage production of Ibsen's "A Doll's House." She also appeared with Nazimova in the motion picture "Eye for Eye." She was with Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long Legs," with Thomas Dixon's "The Red Dawn," and with Wilton Lackaye in "The Inner Man."

Her greatest motion picture work, according to the critics, was in the character of the little crippled child in Fanny Hurst's "Humoresque."



PAUL ALTHOUSE (at left), noted American concert tenor, and Clay Smith (at right), the composer and musician, whose artistry has charmed music-loving audiences in every corner of America

Little Miss Battista was last seen on the screen in "The Custard Cup," with Mary Carr. Her other recent appearances have included "At the Stage Door," "The Good Provider," "Boomerang Bill," "The Curse of Drink," with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," and in "The Steadfast Heart."

This mite of an actress has been much in demand in and about New York and frequently she appears in person to recite an appropriate poem as part of a radio program or a prologue for a feature motion picture.

A new company, organized by Robert Edgar Long and Charles Bryant (husband and manager of Madame Nazimova), has been created to star little Miriam in a series of special productions.

The Death Knell of the Battleship

Relentless progress of invention dooms one of the mightiest works of man to the scrap heap of oblivion, and the time impends when the "supremacy of the sea" will no longer be maintained by stately ships of the line

HOW true the saying that "all things have their day." Civilization, struggling up from the mud banks of the Nile unnumbered thousands of years ago, looked upon an empty world—a world wherein no human hand had fashioned the simplest sort of implement or tool to prove mankind superior to the beast.

But, since that first memorable morn when our common prehistoric ancestor crawled warily from his lair among the rushes and looked about him with a glint of human intelligence in his eyes, the world has moved steadily forward toward a predestined end.

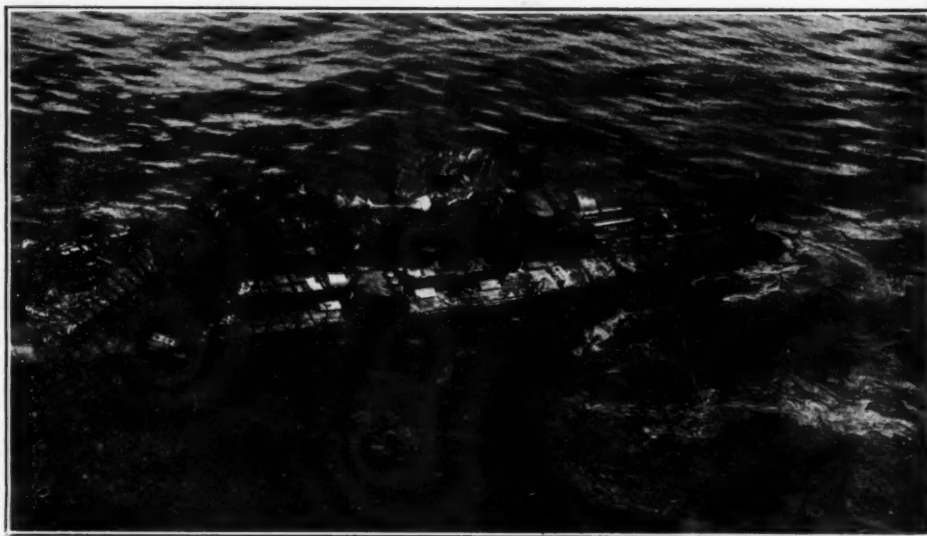
Man's inventive genius, growing with the centuries, has kept pace with the growth of human needs—at times, indeed, has anticipated and stimulated that growth. As civilization has become increasingly complex, so have the mechanics of invention become ever more and more intricate in conception and wonderful in operation, till we have come to be surrounded with mechanical marvels of which the world a century ago had scarcely dreamed—but which, to us, have already become commonplace.

And so, in the light of modern progress, the science of invention looks so far ahead that hardly have we become accustomed by common usage to those created marvels that were but the dreams of a generation past, when they in turn give place to still more wonderful inventions. And not alone do the less permanent things of daily use soon find their way to the scrap heap of civilization—but many of the mightiest works of man become obsolete and useless within the passing of a single generation.

In no department of human activity is this more true than in the science of modern warfare. The Great War revolutionized the whole science of offensive and defensive warfare. The intensive devotion of the best inventive genius of England, America, France and Germany to the problem of perfecting more deadly instruments of war than mankind had ever dreamed of resulted in the production of engines of destruction that turned topsy turvy all the carefully developed theories of all the war colleges of the world and in four years of conflict demonstrated the futility of defensive works thought to be absolutely impregnable.

And now, as a resultant of the development of the airplane in warfare, those floating fortresses of the sea—the proud, imperious battleships with all their grim panoply of armor plate and terrible engines of destruction—those tremendous ships of war that we of the present generation had come to believe to be indispensable for the defence of our far flung coast line, are now doomed—destined for the scrap heap or for deep sea graves.

And this quite apart from the limitation of armament program now in progress by the naval powers of the world. Indeed, the permanent retirement of the battleship from the seven seas except as a sign and symbol of authority or



THIS SCENE OF DESOLATION shows what damage can be wrought in a few minutes by bombs dropped from an airplane. The entire superstructure of this once proud and stately battleship has been reduced to a tangled mass of ruins. Shortly after this photograph was taken, another bomb, falling from the sky, sent the ship reeling and shuddering to the bottom of the sea

for ceremonious visits of high officials between one country and another, was already close at hand when Secretary Hughes made his startling proposal to the peace envoys of the world gathered at Washington on November 12, 1921.

Whether a realization of this fact was behind that proposal, we do not know—but the fact remains. The battleship—that most expensive and short-lived toy of modern times—has had its day, just as the bone collar button and the gold toothpick had theirs, and having largely outlived its usefulness is about to be relegated to the limbo of things that were.

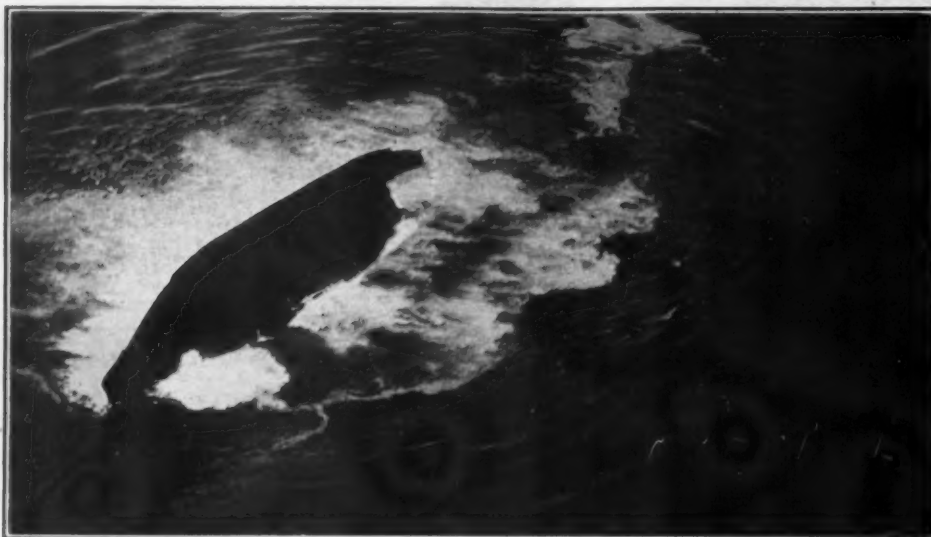
NOT that every battleship now afloat will be retired from service next week or next month, or next year—but the normal serviceable life of these great floating arsenals is very short, so that at the end of a very few years at most the proudest of them are automatically eliminated from activity, and if every naval power stopped building battleships tomorrow, within a matter of about six years at most every warship now afloat would be rusting at her mooring.

And it is almost a foregone conclusion that the race for naval supremacy has been run. For something like fifty years now the leading nations of the world have been pouring money in a ceaseless and ever-increasing flood into battleship construction in a desperate struggle to maintain their hardly-won balance of supremacy on the seas—and now the recent bombing of the U. S. S. *Virginia* and *New Jersey*, off Cape Hatteras, demonstrates that the airplane, one of man's earliest dreams at last realized, swooping

down from the clouds like some winged monster of prehistoric ages, and dropping its deadly egg from a height of a thousand feet, can send the mightiest battleship to the bottom of the sea.

The Army Air Service has demonstrated the efficacy of bombs dropped from airplanes to destroy battleships in three instances, viz: the exercises conducted with the German battleships off the Virginia Capes in the summer of 1921, with the former U. S. battleship *Alabama* at Tangier Sound in the fall of that year, and the recent exercises with the former U. S. battleships *New Jersey* and *Virginia* off Cape Hatteras. Some who realize that the results of these tests, followed to a logical conclusion, indicate that the day when dependence can be placed upon the battleship as our first line of defence is passing, are making a despairing effort to preserve in the minds of our people the traditional role of our navy.

TIME was when our Navy, though inferior, could, as a Navy in being, present a threat that would prevent an enemy fleet of superior strength from attempting to land troops on our shores because of the danger and difficulty of maintaining the long lines of communication that would be necessary to supply the troops engaged in such an invasion. Our coasts were barriers beyond which an enemy navy could not penetrate. The only danger we then feared was bombardment of our coastal areas—a minor matter. Now, however, an enemy coalition with but slight naval superiority can convey airplane carriers to our shores. There would be no long line of



THE U. S. S. "VIRGINIA" turned over and about to sink after being hit by a bomb dropped from an airplane during the recent Army Air Service exercises off Cape Hatteras. "Bang!" goes a matter of twenty million dollars or so on its journey to the bottom of the sea almost in the twinkling of an eye

communication to protect, for it would not be necessary to land troops to make an effective attack upon us. The airplane carriers can move at the same or a greater speed than the battleships, and all that is required is a sufficient fuel supply to carry them from one base to another or to return to the base from which their attack is launched.

Our coasts would bar the further progress of the battle fleet, but the airplane knows no coast line. Taking off from the airplane carrier, it can penetrate inland for one-half of its radius of action and after discharging its bombs return to the mother ship. What protection is a navy against such attacks? They can sally forth to their destruction by the superior enemy fleet which would then, so far as our navy was concerned, permit the enemy to land troops and supplies to maintain them on our shores. Thus, it has come about that the Army Air Service offers our most effective means for the defense of our shores. It is vital that our people be made to see this in order that the Army Air Service may be strengthened in material and personnel; in order that our aircraft industry may be built up; in order that facilities may be prepared in advance; in order that our Air Forces may be mobilized on either coast that is threatened.

THE Panama Canal was built in order that our navy might protect both coasts. Compare the time it would take our navy to pass from our base at Guantanamo, Cuba, through the Canal Zone to our Pacific Coast with the one day that alone would be required for an air force established in the center of our country to move to either coast ready for operation against an enemy's fleet, if only the necessary air force and the facilities for its operation are provided.

True, those who seek to defend the navy's traditional role maintain that we have not sunk a battleship when moving, that we have not sunk a battleship while subjected to the anti-aircraft fire of its defenders. But what of that? The airplane moves at a speed far superior to the battleship. In the previous exercises, it was necessary for the bomber to consider the speed of his airplane and the velocity of the winds that were blowing. A moving battleship adds but a third consideration and one that does not complicate the mission of the bomber. He has estimated successfully the effect of the wind's velocity and he can as successfully estimate the speed of the moving target. Attacking in column with predetermined setting of bomb sights, if the first airplane misses, the successive airplanes will make the necessary corrections to secure the requisite accuracy. What of the anti-aircraft fire which these naval defenders would have the public believe will prevent a successful attack by the Army Air Service? We say that in the recent war, we found nothing to fear in anti-aircraft fire. So few airplanes were brought down in proportion to shots fired that it is impracticable to express the percentage in the present metric or decimal system of numbers. To determine the exact percentage, the mind must be trained to grasp the infinitesimal.

GRANT that the effectiveness of anti-aircraft fire may be greatly increased. What does it matter? In the past it has been proved mathematically that it was impossible for infantry to advance against machine gun and artillery fire. There were those who said that the war could never be ended because of the German efficiency in handling these weapons of defence against

an offensive infantry attack. Our infantry did advance. Likewise our Air Service will attack battleships and will sink them regardless of anti-aircraft defenses. We may lose airplanes and pilots but the personnel of the Army Air Service may be depended upon to attack regardless of losses, just as our infantry have always gone forward against machine gun fire that any former enemy has devised.

THERE could be nothing more disconcerting to those who man the guns of a battleship than the approach of a fleet of bombing airplanes. They are confronted by the knowledge that any moment may spell their doom. Each airplane carries a bomb which, if it hits the battleship or within a radius of one hundred feet thereof, will sink it. It is unreasonable, then, to expect that the aim of our bombers will be disconcerted less by the fear of anti-aircraft fire than will the aim of those on board the battleship when they see the means to their end approaching.

The most recent battleship launched, it is understood from test reports, cost the United States \$27,000,000. The average cost of airplanes at the present time ranges from \$2,000 to \$4,000 for smaller planes, to \$20,000 for larger planes, and an average might well be set at \$12,000 to \$14,000. We can thus say that the cost of one battleship would allow the purchase of two thousand airplanes. To give an idea of what this means: two thousand airplanes with an average width of fifty feet, and a distance of twenty-five feet between them, would make a line between twenty-five and thirty miles long. On the other hand, two thousand planes in close formation would form a block flying overhead approximately thirty-three hundred feet on a side.

Imagine the relative effect on morale and, at the same time, the relative result of offensive action between a massed formation of airplanes two-thirds of a mile square, and the approach of one battleship toward a harbor. At the same time, figuring the carrying capacity, and assuming that these planes of average size will each carry one thousand pounds of explosive missiles, we can, therefore, figure that two thousand airplanes would carry one thousand tons of these missiles, and check that against the tons of missiles that could be carried by a battleship.

At the same time, we find airplanes to be able to proceed to a given point at a speed four times as fast as the battleship; consequently, for action, assuming this is a radius of action, we have for the identical periods of time an area sixteen times as great.

Clearly, the day of the battleship is on the wane, and the dawn of the day of the airplane is breaking. It behooves America to give her Army Air Service every possible help and encouragement to the end that when the time comes, as it surely will come, for us to measure our strength in the air, we may not be found lacking.



TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



CLOSE SCRUTINY

Cookie-pusher—They just arrested a girl down street for walking the streets in a one-piece bathing suit.

Flapper—What did they do to her?

C-P.—Nothing; the judge is holding her for further examination.

—Moonshine.

Δ Δ Δ

WELL!

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a dress.
When she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so was the daughter, I guess.

—Dodo.

Δ Δ Δ

THEY SATISFY

Fatima—Why do cigarettes have oriental names?

Murad—Because they have good shapes and thin wrappers.

—Moonshine.

Δ Δ Δ

She—I wish I'd never taken this course, it—it seems to be awfully stiff.

He—I didn't think you girls were wearing them any more.

—Sun Dodger.

Δ Δ Δ

HEARD ON A STREET CAR

K. O. Lady—Officer arrest that strap-hanger.

Officer—What is the complaint?

K. O. Lady—I heard him tell the other man that he was going to pinch my seat when I left the car.

—Gargoyle.

Δ Δ Δ

Irate Master (to negro servant)—Rastus, I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey. This one has shot in it.

Rastus—I done got a domestic turkey, sah.

Master—Well, how did the shot get in it?

Rastus—I 'specks they was meant foh me, sah.

—Jack-o-lantern.

Δ Δ Δ

First Little Boy—My Grandmama's got a cat—she has—and he's got some kittens—he has.

Second Little Boy—My Grandmama's got a cat too, but he ain't got no little cats, 'cause —he ain't that kind of a cat.

—Yellow Jacket.

UNPARDONABLE IGNORANCE

Marriage License Clerk: Have you been married before, and if so, how many times?

Actress—Good heavens! Don't you read the newspapers?

—American Legion Weekly.

THE ROLL OF HUMOR

The largest number of contributions
for August were selected from

The Lehigh Burr
(Lehigh University)

HOW WE WOULD LIKE TO STRANGLE

The man who lifts his soup spoon up
And has to have his sneeze.
He blows the darn stuff in our face
And says, "Excuse me, please."

The portly one who bars the way.
Too dumb to clear the lane,
As frantically we push and shove
In haste to make a train.

The darling boy who is polite,
Assists us with our chair.
And lo, behold he pulls too far,
Instead we sit on air.

The thoughtful aunt who brings a doll
For John, her nephew sweet,
Forgetting that her John is grown
And twenty-one last week.

The matron of our boarding house
Who serves us evil prunes.
We look askance, we know they are
The ones we had last June.

The girl that we take to a dance
And then we never see.
She says she only went with Jack
Upon a little spree.

The wag who takes her chewing gum
And twists it out of shape.
Alluringly she looks at us—
We fear to meet our fate.

The prof who simply has to have
His daily funny poke.
He dreams not that they laugh at him
Instead of at his joke.

The barber who doth cut our hair
And recommends a shave.
He does not know that every morn
We made our beard behave.

—Voo Doo.

CONCERN

I never stop to ponder
As to whether we
Have ancestral monkeys
On the family tree.

But I'm always striving,
As the swift years pass,
To live so that the future
Won't think that I'm an ass.

—American Legion Weekly.

Δ Δ Δ

Hee—Doesn't that girl in the next house
dress beautifully?

Haw—Can't say, there's a tree between our
houses.

—Sun Dodger.

Δ Δ Δ

As the train approached the dark tunnel
the man turned to the strange lady at his
side.

"When we are in this tunnel," he said
calmly, "I shall kiss you."

"Sir," she said icily, "how dare you! I
am a lady!"

"That's just the reason I am going to kiss
you," replied the young man. "If I pre-
ferred a man I'd call the conductor."

—Froth.

Δ Δ Δ

DIFFERENT TIMES—DIFFERENT MEANINGS

Romulus—Say, kid, the wolf's at the
door. What shall we do?

Remus—Let's eat.

—The Jade.

Δ Δ Δ

Slim—Have a seat.

Jim—No, thanks, I prefer to stand.

Slim—What's the matter; can't you sit
down?

Jim—Well, you see it's this way: I had
my false teeth in my hip pocket, and while
riding on a rough road I hit a bump and bit
myself terribly.

—Cracker.

Δ Δ Δ

"WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG" HAVE
DRIVEN MANY A MAN CRAZY WHO
NEITHER DRANK NOR SANG.

—Cracker.

Δ Δ Δ

YOU STOP

"Who was the first bookkeeper?"

"I'll bite?"

"Eve, with her loose leaf system."

—Sun Dodger.

PUFFICKLY USELESS

Rastus—Ef Ah puts mah money in de bank, kin Ah get it out when Ah wants it?
 Sambo—Suttingly.
 Rastus—Den what's de sense of mah goin' to all dat trouble?

—American Legion Weekly.

He saw her walking down
 The street,
 And gazing at her
 Dark beauty
 He fell;
 Realizing as he
 Fell
 That if he had not been
 Looking at her
 Dark beauty
 He would have seen
 That Banana Peel.

—Jack-o-lantern.

"Poor Jack came home very much fatigued a while ago."

"What was the matter with him?"

"He put a nickel in a pay station telephone, and stood up all the afternoon waiting for his peanuts."

—Cracker.

"My darling," said the director, "in this scene a lion will pursue you for five hundred feet."

"Five hundred feet?" interrupted the actor.

"Yes, and no more than that. Understand?"

The hero nodded: "Yes, I understand; but does the lion?"

—Black and Blue Jay.

An order from Dean of Women's office forbids Co-eds to sit on Alumni Hall steps with a male student.

Yea, Co-ed—sit on his lap.

—Pitt Panther.

Father (reading school report)—Son, I am not at all pleased with this report.

Frosh—I told teacher that you wouldn't be, but she refused to change it.

—Froth.

SOME WOMEN ARE NOT SATISFIED TO BE A MAN'S BETTER HALF; THEY WANT TO BE THE WHOLE THING.

—Pitt Panther.

Little Girl—Mother, the iceman is here.
 Mother (absentmindedly)—Just tell him to have a chair and I'll be right down.

—Jack-o-lantern.

IT'S AN OUTLET

Betty—Mamma, does papa shave because he has to, or is it just to give himself a chance to swear?

—American Legion Weekly.

SINGERS ARE TAUGHT TO CONTROL THEIR BREATH. WE RECOMMEND A SINGING COURSE FOR OUR BARBER.

—Pitt Panther.

DO TELL!

Wee Askem—Was your landlady surprised when you told her you weren't able to pay the rent?

Hugh Tellem—She seemed so to me. All she could say was "Get out!"

—American Legion Weekly.

"The Campbells are coming," groaned the veteran boarder as he caught a whiff of the sickening aroma of tin and ketchup.

—Froth.

Ma—Buddie, how did you get that black eye?

Bud—I was perfectin' a little boy.

Ma—That was noble, son. Who was he?

Bud—Me.

—Pitt Panther.

Louis XIV.—I am king, and have a divine right.

Court Fool—Yes, my lord; but your wife, the queen, has both a divine right and left.

—The Jade.

"Now this gun shoots sixteen cartridges."

"Do you put them all in the magazine?"

"No, you put one in the magazine and fifteen in your pocket."

—Cracker.

I think I can do it.
 I never will rue it.
 She won't misconstrue it.
 I don't think I'll miss.
 I did it. I did it.
 She didn't forbid it.
 She merely said, "Damn,
 Do you call that a kiss?"

—Jack-o-lantern.

ANSWER TO—WHY IS A CAKE EATER?

The modern girl certainly has a cruel sense of humor. In fact, she just must have her little joke with her all the time.

—Pitt Panther.

THE SHERIFF WHO WAS SO BUSY THAT HE FORGOT TO HANG A MAN SHOULD BE REPLACED BY A WOMAN. NO WOMAN WOULD OVERLOOK SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

—Pitt Panther.

"Poor Blinks is getting more helpless every day."

"How's that?"

"Well, last week he bought a memory course and put it away somewhere, and now he's forgotten where he put it."

—Cracker.

TOO LATE

The Foreman—Send in young Clancy. I saw him smoking on a load of powder a while ago and I'm going to fire him.

Rafferty—Here's part of his hat.

—American Legion Weekly.

Darwin was wrong when he said we all descended from monkeys. At least he's wrong in my case, for my folks came from Turkey.

—Pitt Panther.

Englishman (proudly)—Britannia rules the waves.

Yankee—Yes, but it's not permanent.

—Jack-o-lantern.

S. O. S. THE CANNIBALS OF AUSTRALIA ARE DYING OF STARVATION. NOT ENOUGH MISSIONARIES?

—Pitt Panther.

VERS LIBRE

The sky is dark.
 The clouds
 Fly across like
 Frightened steeds.
 Hark!
 I hear a crash—
 'Tis the sun setting.

—Cracker.

THE CURTAIN WENT UP ON TIME IN A LOCAL THEATRE, AND THE OPENING SCENE WAS WITNESSED BY THE ORCHESTRA LEADER, THREE USHERS AND A FIRE-MAN.

—Pitt Panther.

There is an old lady called the "Sphinx."
 The only one who says just what she thinks.
 But since this one says nothing,
 All the others must be bluffing;
 And that's the point we're making, by jinx.

—The Jade.

Smart Guy—Say, youngster, what kind of dog is that you've got there?

Youthful Swain—It's a little boy dog.

—Cracker.

SOCRATES EARNED ONLY THE EQUIVALENT OF \$75 A YEAR. NO WONDER HE WAS A PHILOSOPHER. HE HAD TO BE.

—Pitt Panther.

IN THE DARK CONTINENT

Colored Preacher—Money am de root of all evil.

Sad Voice (in congregation)—Pahson, if dat's de truth, I'm sho goin' to heab'n.

—The Jade.

"I ASKED SIMP IF HE SAW THE BLARNEY STONE WHEN HE WAS IN IRELAND."

"DID HE?"

"No. HE SAID THAT HE WASN'T INTERESTED IN ROYAL JEWELS."

—Cracker.

With Harding in Alaska, Land of Isolation

Continued from page 200

seven years, and the following is what I would include in the latest dictionaries.

A "sour-dough" is an Alaskan who always carries a pot of sour dough. He strikes camp, throws a pinch of flour and handful of snow in the iron pot, breathes on it to melt it, mixes his dough in his moosehide mittened hands, and bakes it on his Yukon stove. It is baked on the top, burnt on the bottom, raw in the middle. As he moulds his crude cakes, the fur sheds and mixes with the dough, until it makes a composition that sticks to his ribs like wall paper. Then he sozzles away the night, sixteen hours long, and awakens—a "sour-dough."

Every word has its antonym. After fixing the above definition, I discovered that there was another word, "Cheechakos." For this I sought George Edwin Lewis, who had visited every part of the territory. The definition is here recorded for the illumination of future lexicographers.

"Cheechakos" is an Alaskan word, pronounced "chee cha'ka," meaning "person who walks on his heels," or one used to wearing heels on his shoes, which makes a difference in the way one walks. Those who are accustomed to heels do not walk the same as those wearing moccasins or "muckluks."

The word "cheechakos" was first used in 1896, in Juneau, and its use spread to the distant waters of Behring Sea and the Yukon. In 1898 the word took on a newer and different interpretation, meaning: "A newcomer, or Alaskan tenderfoot."

Next month we will chat about Fairbanks and the days almost within the glow of the Arctic Circle

Let's Talk It Over

STORIES told of the late John K. Johnson, the eminent attorney of Philadelphia, who was an ardent art collector, revealed that he seemed to know how to win big cases more through his knowledge of men than the law. When a certain case reached the Supreme Court it was discovered he was at one time or another on both sides of the proposition. He had written a brief on one side, and then had taken part in the trial for another client opposing—taking another view. When the Judge whispered down from the bench, "I observe in a previous brief you have made an opposite contention," Mr. Johnson replied, "Your Honor is right, and that is why I feel I know this case. My thought is that I cannot lose both cases."

He brought out clearly the difference between Roman law and English law. Roman law never could contemplate a trust in others—that is, a man having possession of something and entrusted with it and yet not owning it. It was the English law that developed the idea of trust. From this he argued that the Trust was the first expression of full confidence of man in man, in carrying out ideals and acting from unselfish motives.

ONE great thing in life is the law of selection. It often makes the difference between success and failure. It is that choice of just seeking this or that. Every incident on which hinges a selection means much; forsooth, even at the altar of matrimony—the law of selection is dominant. How many mistakes are made there.



These groups of stockholders illustrate the rapid growth in ownership of the Bell System.

A Community of Owners Nation-wide

"Who owns the company?" "What is behind it?" These questions are asked in appraising the soundness of a business and in determining its aims.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by more than 270,000 people living in every state in the Union. Could the stockholders of the Bell System be gathered to one place, they would equal the population of a city about the size of Providence or Denver.

They constitute a representative cross-section of American citizenship. Among them, of course, are bankers and men of large affairs;

for the idea of ownership in the Bell System appeals to sound business judgment and a trained sense of values.

In this community of owners are the average man and woman, the storekeeper, the clerk, the salesman, the professional man, the farmer and the housewife—users of the telephone who with their savings have purchased a share in its ownership. The average individual holding is but twenty-six shares.

No institution is more popularly owned than the Bell System, none has its shares distributed more widely. In the truest sense it is owned by those it serves.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



The law of selection accounts for the square pegs in round holes and for round pegs in square holes. The law of selection makes or unmakes a speech or a book or a song. The selection of the word to be unspoken is often as important as the word selected to be spoken.

THE elements of leadership consist of character, courage and know how. In all the processes of life we have first the faculty to receive, the sensitized plate of mind and heart prepared to receive. When received the power to conceive and give out follows. The natural result is to achieve, utilizing all the powers of achievement and conception. Some people repulse rather than receive, others calculate rather than conceive, seeking always the selfish interest. Others merely aspire when they should

achieve. It is the combination that unlocks the doors of Opportunity.

Dr. Coue insists that achievement and action come from the imagination, not from the will power. The power and impulses of the imagination utilizes the pictures received on the sensitized plate. What we see and read forms the pictures, but in the mails and conversations come the personal contacts. The tides of mail ebb and flow every day. Monday mornings measures the high tides while Christmas mails are the flood-tides that seem to submerge all else. Now and then comes the rainy day or snowstorm that slows up and gives a breathing spell for reflection. There are powers of leadership in the school log of every American boy and girl as there was a marshal's baton in the knapsack of each of Napoleon's soldiers.

Continued on page 236



Stage Gossip of the Month

in Boston

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE



"THE OLD SOAK" CAPTURES BOSTON

"A L's here!" at the Selwyn Theatre, in his capacity of a prosperous bootlegger, to offer his friend "The Old Soak" a little "spirituous consolation" for his family troubles, discreetly ushered in through the kitchen by Nellie, the ex-roadhouse servant girl, who combines the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, and on the opening night

the central figure of a comedy which was later produced by Arthur Hopkins. Along with Clem came some characters out of Mr. Marquis's imagination to appear with him, notably Al, the bootlegger who "makes it himself," whose advent is always heralded by the announcement of "Al's here!" and Nellie, the extravagantly funny hired girl, who used to work in a road

house. The scenes between the three became classic when "The Old Soak" was revealed as a play one hot August night, a year ago, at the Plymouth Theatre.

The ever delightful and competent actor, Harry Beresford, who created the part of the "Old Soak," is adequately supported by Robert E. O'Connor and Eva Williams, who originally played the parts of "Al" and "Nellie"—his familiar spirits in the comedy that has amused and refreshed so many thousands of theatre-goers.

As "Matilda," the Old Soak's discouraged and dis-illusioned wife, Marie Bruce in the closing scene of the play presents as fine a piece of acting as we have seen in a long time, when she rises in fiery defence of the character of her worthless husband whom she discovers that she still loves despite his faults.

Wyrlay Birch, as "Cousin Webster Parsons," the village banker, "one of our most prominent and respected citizens," who is financing "Al" in the boot-

legging industry, is a very convincing type of the small town Shylock, and Dicky Borough as the daughter "Lucy" is thoroughly sweet.

There are other characters incidental to the play that are well portrayed by their respective actors, and lend an air of verisimilitude to the plot that gets the "Old Soak" "in bad" with his patient wife and finally reveals him in the character of a resourceful and determined man when he sets about the task of rescuing his son from the menacing consequences of his own criminal weakness.

But as in all plays built upon this pattern, it is the chief character who takes and holds the sympathy of the audience from start to finish, and "Clem Hawley," the "Old Soak," as a "hang-over" from the days that were, carries his audience with him from the first moment of his

appearance on the stage. This disreputable character, stepped bodily out of a newspaper column and materialized upon the stage, redeemed by his quaint philosophy and the very human quality of his weakness, somehow makes us love him—not for what he is, but for what he might be. In the part, Mr. Beresford fills a difficult role with admirable tact.

We have no personal acquaintance with any bootlegger, but had we need of the services of any such captain of industry, we could imagine no more urbane and adequate character with whom to conduct discreet negotiations than "Al." Indeed, we can readily imagine that the mere announcement, "Al's here!" might fill many a thirsty soul with surpassing peace.

Let's Talk It Over

Continued from page 235

THE brilliant musical career of Frank Van der Stucken reached its zenith in Cincinnati's May Festival, which this year marked a half century of endeavor in local choral work. There are those who have attended one or all of the concerts, given every two years, since Theodore Thomas first tapped his baton in 1873, and in their estimation the triumph of the latest festival should be attributed to the foundation laid and the energy displayed by Van der Stucken. His association with the Cincinnati Festivals dates back to the year succeeding the death of Theodore Thomas, for it was Van der Stucken who trained the chorus in 1904 and on until he turned the leadership of this marvelous body of singers over to Ernst Kunwald, the Austrian symphony master, in 1910. His passing, through strictures brought about by the war, gave the musical event over to another musician of world note, Eugene Ysaye, but when preparations for the Festival of 1923 were commenced Van der Stucken was approached at his home in Brussels to take charge. Critics from musical centers say that the choral work displayed under his direction this year was never more brilliant and that he exacted more full color and rhythm than has ever been produced by this noted assemblage of purely American singers. His success reached its peak in the offering of "Elijah"—the universally known oratorio—the spirited arias and dramatically beautiful phrasing of which was never better conducted. Professor Van der Stucken who is in the mid sixties, makes his home in Belgium, and his field of endeavor, continental Europe and America. Both of his children are Americans, a son residing in Pittsburgh and a daughter in Boston. The reception given the beloved conductor by that great chorus, so arranged in white and color that it furnished the semblance of a great living flag on the stage singing with the triumphant spirit of unity.

* * *

THE wife of the Secretary of the Interior, Mrs. Dr. Work, is a great interviewer in families and homes, and her comment of marital particulars is unlimited in its line.

"In all the varied activities of business, and even as voters, American women are helpers, so they have a realization that it is oftentimes just as gratifying to help do things as to lead. The American voter and his wife are pals. They may disagree on buckwheat cakes and eggs for breakfast but they usually go to the polls together hand in hand. The influence of women electorates on America has already been fruitful of good results."



THIS SCENE from "The Old Soak," now playing at the Selwyn Theatre, Boston, after running for a year at the Plymouth Theatre in New York, shows Harry Beresford as "Clem"—the Old Soak himself, the quaint, worthless, lovable character made famous by Don Marquis in his newspaper column; Robert O'Connor as "Al"—the bootlegger who is allied with "one of our most prominent and respected citizens"; and Eva Williams as "Nellie," the ready-tongued, bright-witted servant girl whose philosophy of life was evolved from working in a road house

a large and riotously appreciative audience at that popular playhouse took the "Old Soak" unreservedly to their hearts.

New York theatre-goers have alternately laughed and cried at and with the very disreputable, yet nevertheless very human "Clem Hawley" the "Old Soak" as portrayed by Harry Beresford, for a year—and Boston now claims him as a stage favorite.

"The Old Soak" is one of those sure-fire human nature comedies that had their genesis with the story of Rip Van Winkle, revolving as they do about the faults, the failings, and the flashes of soul-nobility that animate their characters.

The "Old Soak" was for a long time a quaint personality in the newspaper column of Don Marquis before the suggestion of Philip Goodman caused the writer to make this character

Governing a City on Business Lines

Continued from page 205

tian Era, made Athens architecturally the most beautiful city the world has ever known. Architectural beauty, however, fits only a small part of a city's needs today. Beauty with Pericles was essential; practical needs came second. He lived and swayed in an artistic age. The people had no voice in affairs and their real needs were not considered. Everything was for outward show; nothing for inner helpfulness.

Mayor Thomas believes that the ultimate solution of all the major problems of American Cities lies in the education of the children to their responsibility as the future owners and managers of our municipalities. Our cities are coming into control of the nation, and if we are to have national patriotism we must begin its development by creating in the growing generation impulses for good order, cleanliness, honesty and economy in the physical growth and political conduct of our cities.

The Voice of the Air

Continued from page 208

the effect of concentration—of closing the eyes in prayer—of getting the meaning and significance of the words that might not be possible with the distractions of the play itself.

Radio itself is the greatest thing of the time. The idea is vibrant with dramatic impulse. The raging waters, the crash of thunder, the songs of the birds, sounds in the forest—all may sometime be a part of a great radio drama.

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David Lloyd George, An American View

(Continued from page 202)

honeymooners have not either seen Niagara and heard it roar, or made up their minds to, some day? Here again we have the master pulling the stops, pressing the knee-swell and treading the old psychology organ until its reverberations crack the plaster around the big glass chandelier right over pews 35 and 59, in the centre aisle! Can you beat him? Nay, child, not in aeons of epochal periods, nay.

It is not possible to write with the poise of an Emerson, the slightly coughing genteel gentility of a Lowell, the balmy fragrance of a Beveridge, concerning this doughty little man in whose hands all of our fates repose. He himself has a keen sense of humor, and knows only too well that mankind is but the Almighty's comic supplement; that our tears and our laughter ever are near the surface; that our joys and our sorrows are quite mutable, and that our very thoughts inner are finite. So it is that one's own emotions are touched by the genial magnetism of this man who, thundered against as a mountebank, has seen his scoffers leave him as adulants; this man who still towers over the wrecks of public life, smiling and hopeful, eye turned to the dawn of brighter days, incarnating the great worthy figures of Time itself.

He has sat in the seat of the mighty—and never squirmed!

He has toppled over thrones, and scrapped democracies when they needed it, and never has hesitated to turn abruptly, once he has found himself on the wrong scent.

And ever, with becoming humility, he has never been bashful in proclaiming his rigid and inflexible loyalty to the Prince of Peace and doing his duty as he saw it.

David Lloyd George is of an old New England type of circuit rider who was obliged to develop quality as a judge of horse-flesh, in order that when making transfers he might be sure of a good mount, assuming that the party of the second part was adult and not blind to visibles in the other equine.

Whether we like to admit it or not, the fact abides that Lloyd George by his American tour is packing in his kit our own fate and fortune future, to be played by a master in the coming Armageddon, be it of wits or of war. The very great prominence the press is giving his tour attests an interest paramount in his doings; subconscious interest, perhaps, but so plain as to be visible to a blind man.

He has not shot his bolt; his record of ups and downs proves that—and that remarkable brain now houses more real knowledge than ever before.

Keep your eye on him; for he is very apt to prove a mighty blessing or a tragic menace for all of us: and the signs are that he will be no blight.

WHEN Senator Magnus Johnson of Minnesota arrived in New York he blinked in the glare of Broadway. In Washington he complained that the people did not seem to speak the same language; they did not seem to understand him as his own voters of Minnesota understood him. He has not decided whether a third-party is to be organized or not; he is waiting to see whether the Republicans are going to think they have "too much Johnson" or just going ahead and give him a "seat on the box" and let him get a crack at things first. He seemed to be well satisfied with his visit at the executive office when doubtless the President gave him the impression of being a real dirt farmer.



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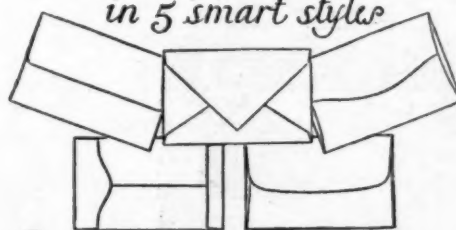
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Letters of Franklin K. Lane

Continued from page 204

against. We could just talk and open out our minds, and tell our doubts and swap the longings of our hearts that others never heard of. He would not try to master me nor to make me feel how small I was. I'd dare to ask him things and know that he felt awkward about them, too. And I would find, I know I would, that he had hit his shin just on those very stumps that had hit me. We'd talk of men a lot, the kind they call the great. I would not find him scornful. Yet boys that he knew in New Salem would somehow appear larger in their souls, than some of these that I had called the great. His wise eyes saw qualities that weighed more than smartness. Yes, we would sit down where the bank sloped gently to the quiet stream and glance at the picture of our people, the negroes being lynched, the miners' civil war, labor's hold-ups, employers' ruthlessness, the subordination of humanity to industry—

The pen dropped. The graphic picture was not finished. Franklin Lane's soul passed on to meet that of the Great Emancipator. In the everlasting faith of a patriot, Franklin Lane has left a rich heritage in his life's letters—closed and sealed with a greeting to the immortal Lincoln, whose name and fame goes marching on as the inspiration of the ages.

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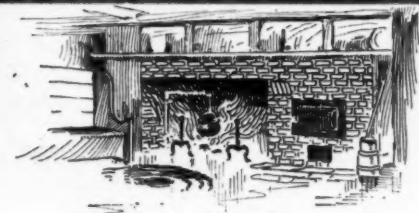
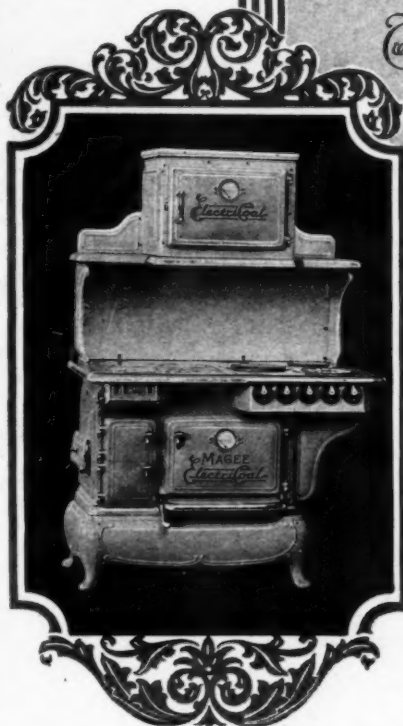
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